

The **American Legion** *Weekly*

DECEMBER 26, 1919

Volume I

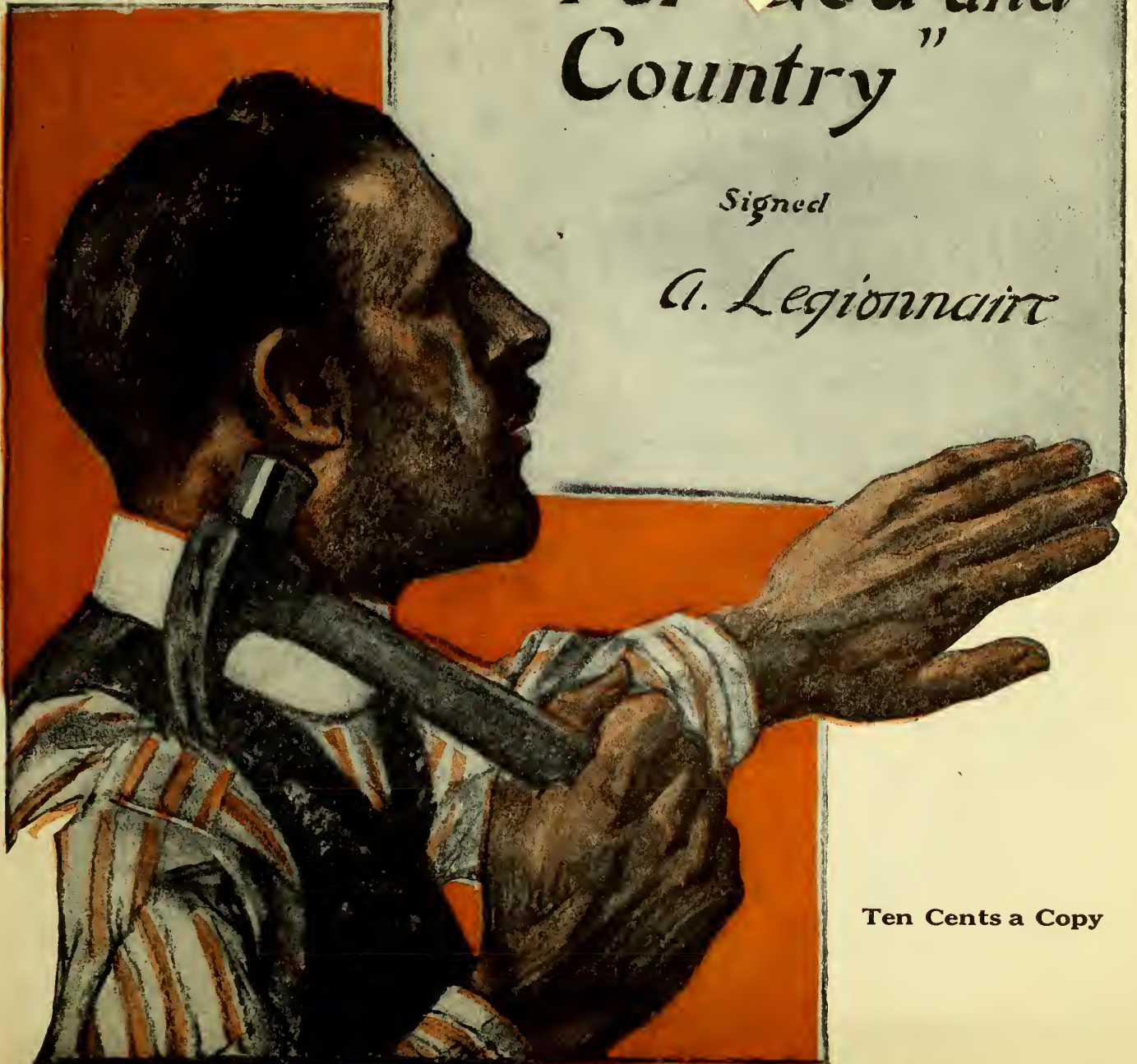
No. 26

RESOLUTION

*"For God and
Country"*

Signed

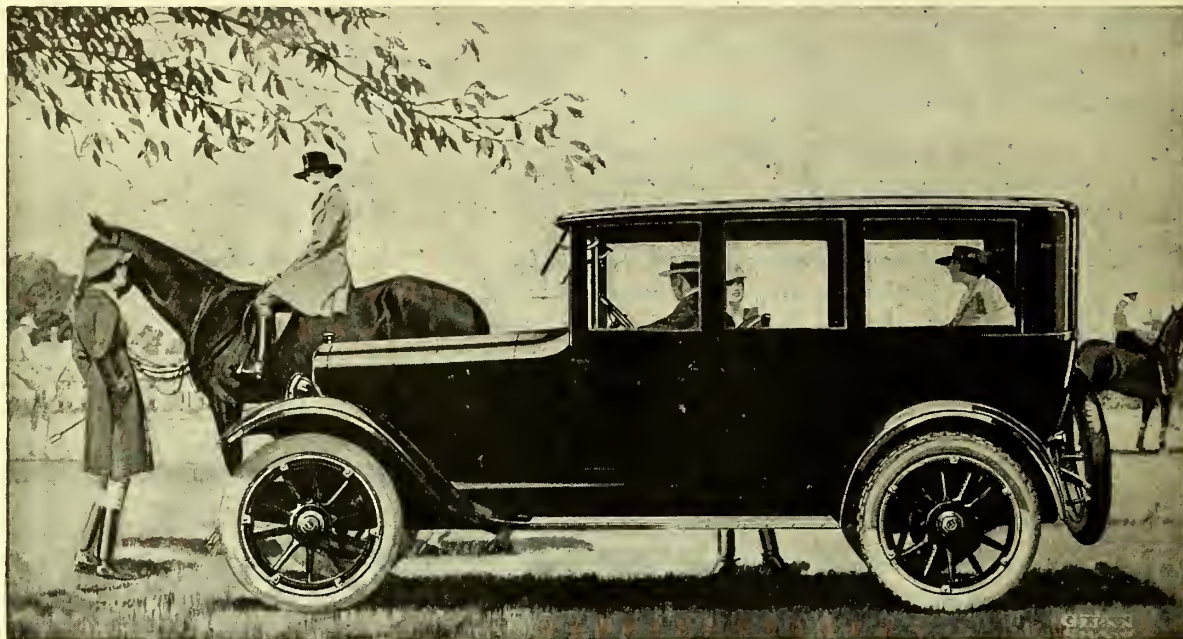
a. Legionnaire



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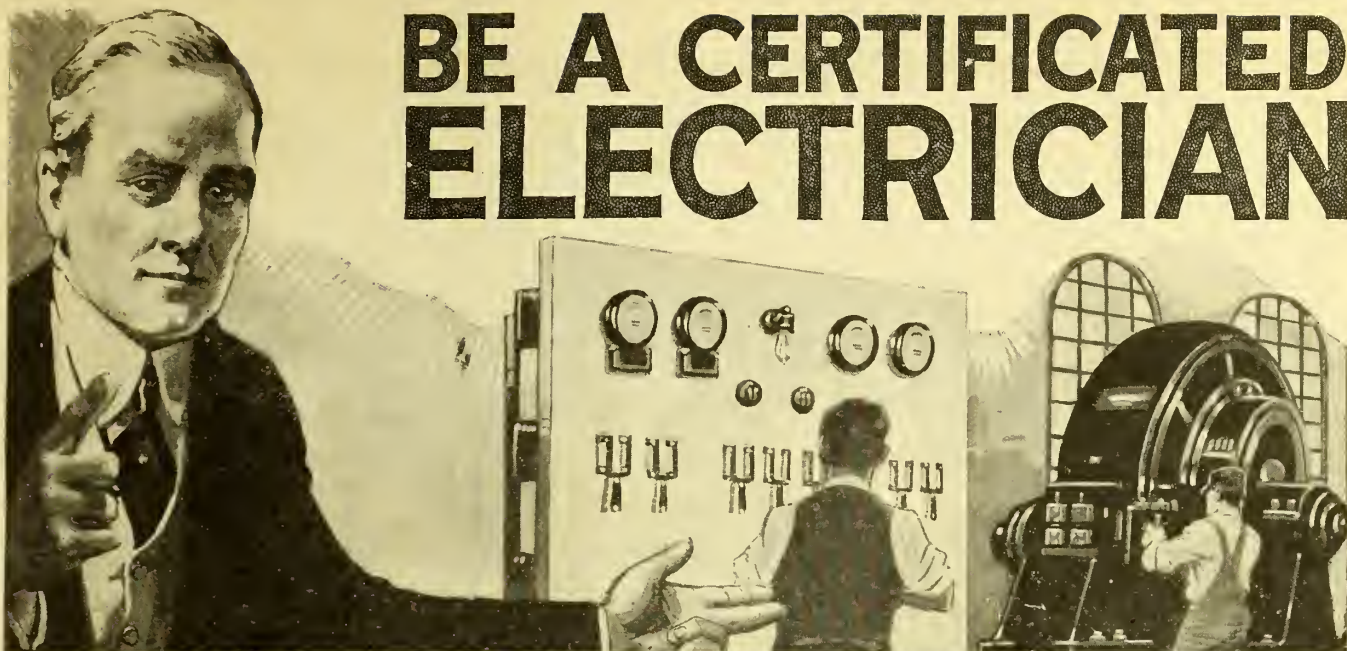
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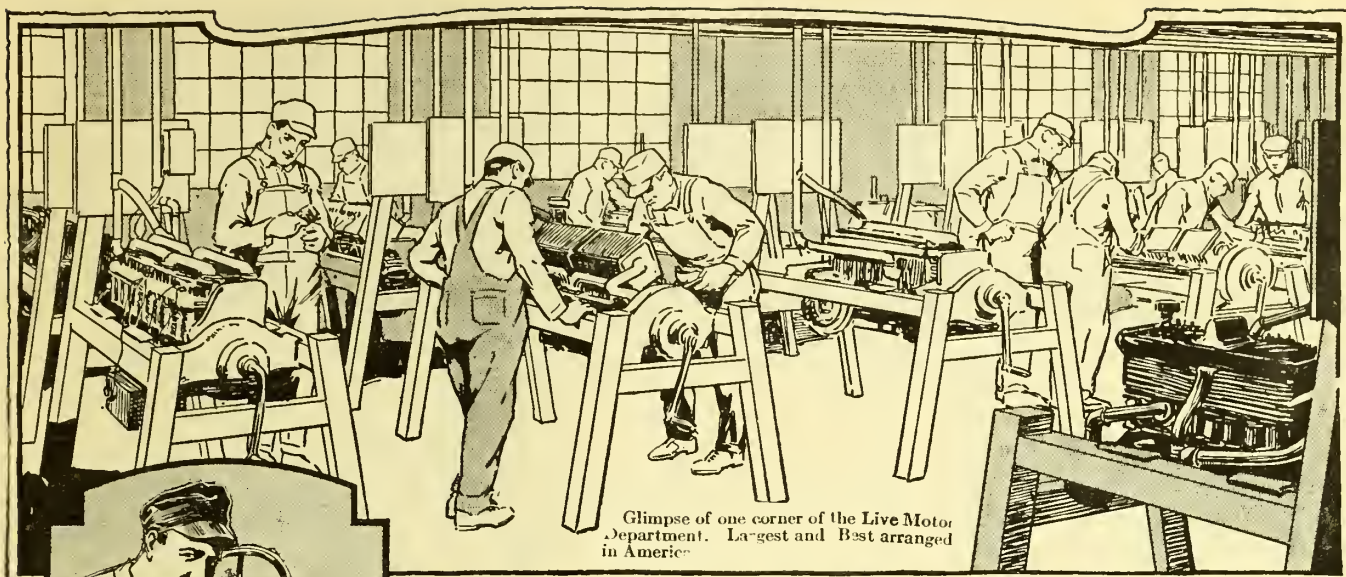
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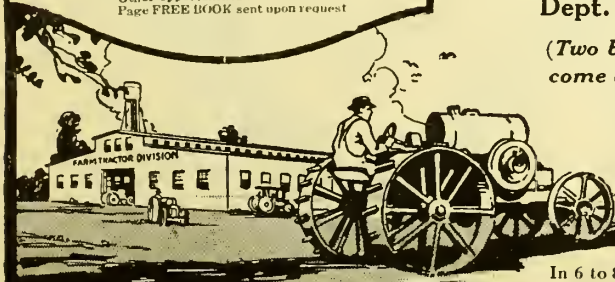
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You, too \$5,000.00 can earn a year

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I manufacture the Comer line of rain coats, rain capes and water-proof aprons. It is a high quality line of goods. The finest that can be manufactured with the most modern machinery and the best skilled help in the country. People know that a Comer coat is right in quality and right in style. They know that every Comer coat is an excellent bargain.

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Last year my factory could not make enough coats to fill our orders and right now I am building a beautiful, big modern sun-lit factory that will have five times the capacity of my former plant.

I want representatives with ambition and pep. I want high-grade people. I want men and women who have energy and plenty of backbone.

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These are records of ordinary men. They are not experts and you can do just as well as any one of them.

This Is Your Chance for Big Success

There is no use trying to live today on the same income that you had two years ago. The only way to beat the high cost of living is to make enough money so that you won't have to worry about high prices. This is your chance to make more money.

Think of this: Overcoats this year are costing anywhere from \$35.00 to \$100.00 and still you can sell a genuine Comer raincoat made to the customer's individual measure up-to-the-minute in style, perfect in workmanship, as low as \$6.00 and you would make a handsome profit out of the sale.

Every man, woman and child needs a rain coat and you can make from \$3.00 to \$30.00 profit on the orders from a single family.



A. McDONOUGH
\$1687.58 net
profit in
three months



B. E. CONNERS
made
\$375.70 in
one month



J. J. MAHER
whose profit
for one week
was \$131.00.

I Will Pay You \$5,000 a Year for Eight Average Orders a Day

That's a plain, definite proposition. Conners took 12 orders in one day. Shew took 25 orders in three days. Purviance took 13 orders in one day.

If these people can do that well and if Cooper can make \$100.00 in one morning's work then think what a chance this is for you.

I Fur- nish Full Equipment

I have started thousands of people on the road to success. I tell you where to go, what to say and how to make the money. You don't have to wait for your profits, you get them immediately. I finance you. If you mean business I will stand back of you and help you to succeed.

Just Mail the Coupon, Don't Send Any Money

It doesn't cost you a cent to get started and it will mean thousands of dollars to you if you act quick.

Mail the coupon and get all the facts about this proposition.

Remember if you become a Comer agent you get the cash as soon as you earn it, there is no waiting and no investment in stock.

If you want \$5,000 a year or if you want to make from \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour during your spare time just write your name on this coupon with a pen or pencil, tear it off and mail it at once.

Act right now

COMER RAINCOATS

The Comer Mfg. Co.
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Gentlemen:

Please tell me how without investing any money I can become your agent and make \$5,000 a year or from \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour for my spare time. Also send me, without charge, your offer of a rain coat for myself.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office.....

State.....

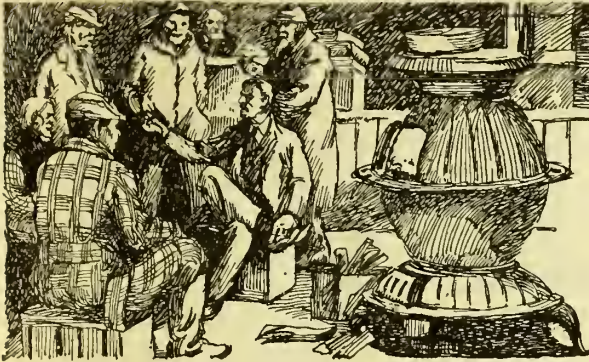
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Official Publication of
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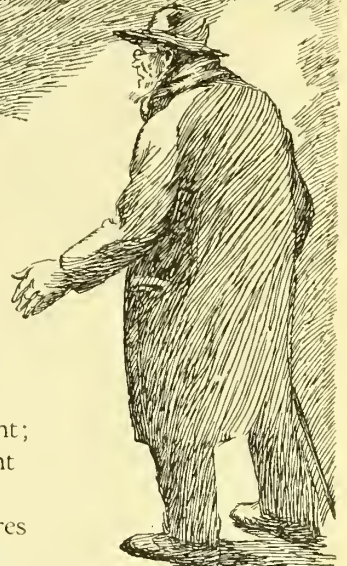
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The Abdication

By

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



OLD Capt'n Jones who used to sit
Behind the grocery stove and spit
Tobaccer juice and tell how he
Fit ole Jeb Stuart's cavalry
And licked the Rebs in every fight
That ever was—a-settin' tight
Upon the box in Perkin's store,
He plastered things with gobs of gore

Ole Capt'n happened in one night
All primed and ready for the fight
At Shilo Landing—when he stopped,
His eyes, you compre, darn near popped
Right from his head, he dropped his cane,
And when he'd got his breath again
He saw his seat was occupied
By Johnny Jenks from overseas.

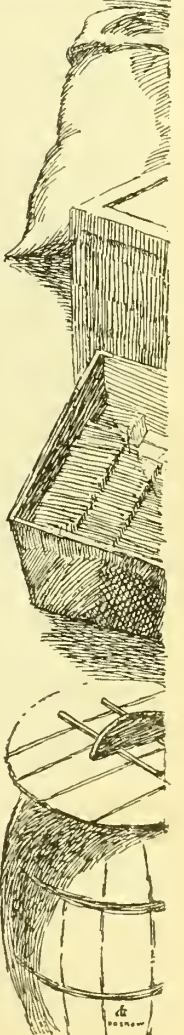
The Capt'n snorted, thumped his cane,
Then snorted more and thumped again'
His white goatee high in the air,
His eyes ablaze, his long white hair
A-standing straight out stiff behind;
But no one paid a bit of mind.
Pete Withers sat with mouth ajar
About a foot—or most that far.
And Deacon Haskins round his ear
Had cupped his hand so's he could hear,
And clean forgot his rheumatiz;
For right from out his chair he riz,
As Johnny told with modesty
This bloody tale from oversea.

"'Tain't much to tell," so Johnny said.
"We marched for hours on German dead;
A-eatin' bark and drinkin' mud
And wadin' knee deep in their blood.
We inhaled gas until our eyes

Was popped out inches oversize.
The Prussian Guard was on our front;
And Company B, we stood the brunt
Of fifteen German army corps;
Fought night and day until the snores
Of men a-fightin' while they fought
Rose high and shrill above the sound
Of all the shootin' there around!

I saw the comrades at my side
Cut down in swathes a full mile wide.
We took machine guns there galore
And slaughtered Jerries by the score.
I stuck so many Huns one day
I wore my bayonet half away.
And when the armistice was signed,
We'd left the rest so far behind,
They marched three days a-hikin' light
Till their advance guard hove in sight!"

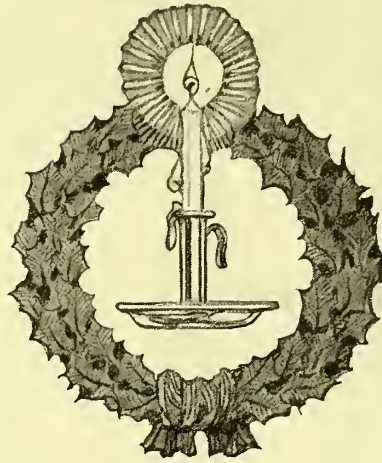
The Capt'n's face went red, then white,
At this recounting of the fight.
His fierce mustache, his goatee, hung
As limp as cheesecloth, and his tongue
His dry lips moistened as he bowed
His head and thus addressed the crowd:
"Grant, McClellan, Meade and me,
Whipped Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, Lee.
Right from that box where Johnny sets,
(Which seems to be reserved for "vets")
I've fit the whole Rebellion down
At every cross road, village, town.
I'm gettin' old, I must admit,
But, shucks, I never thot to quit
In shame before a young upstart.
But Johnny here—he's broke my heart;
I'll tell you, boys, I've met my fate,
So here, by gosh, I abdicate!"



Introducing the O. D. Santa Claus

How the A. E. F. Established a Custom in France

By MARQUIS JAMES



THERE will be more Christmas trees in France this year than ever before, barring last year, when the Americans popularized the custom, a friend writes me from Neufchateau. Every buddy who was in the A. E. F. remembers Neufchateau, in the Vosges. The old front wasn't so far away in those days, and many of its buildings bear their marks of battle. Neufchateau was one of the first towns in eastern France taken over by American troops in 1917 and one of the last to be repatriated by the French in 1919. There are few American divisions which, at one time or another, have not been there. My friend writes:

"We greatly miss the Americans, and may I assure you, monsieur, the aspect of Neufchateau is not the same since you have gone to your homes. Next week brings your *fete* of Thanksgiving of which France knew nothing until you came. We shall observe it at our house, and so shall it always be, and so shall it be also in the houses of many other Frenchmen whose hearts are full of gratitude, and who came to know the Americans both as friends and as comrades in arms.

"But it is next month, at Christmas, that most shall we remember the Americans. And especially the little ones, monsieur, so soon they are speaking together of the great celebrations the Americans provided for them; of the wonderful trees, brilliant with many candles and beautiful gifts, such as they had never seen before. But ah, monsieur, it will not be so happy this Christmas as last year, I believe, for many little children—not here alone, but in all of France; for the Americans were so kind, their hearts so large."

But the French children will have their trees again, my friend assures me, though the candy and chocolate from the American commissaries which last year made those trees so wonderful in children's eyes will be lacking. So, of the many impressions which the reflective French people must have gathered from their two-year association with us, one of the few they are to emulate is our observance of Christmas. Surely few of us could have guessed that. The Christmas tree and our representation of Santa Claus caught the imagination of the French peasant, who is the soul of France. Before our coming only the wealthier folk in the great cities had trees on Christmas, and in Paris this practice was no more common than we find it in the most remote settlements in the States.

WHAT graduate of the A. E. F. has not vivid memories of the Christmas a year ago, or two years ago, that he spent in France? Wherever there were American troops there were Christmas trees for the children, and Santa Claus appeared in a khaki disguise and an overseas cap. A ration cart or an am-

munity truck was his sleigh, and he carried a blue barrack bag over his shoulder.

It was in the little peasant villages—who can forget them?—that most of us lived over there, and slept in the barns. These children had never seen a Christmas tree, and some had never heard of Santa Claus. Strange fact: Christmas is only a minor *fete* among the many that sprinkle the French calendar. The hereditary tales of Santa Claus, so dear to American childhood, find little place in the store of folk-lore every French peasant child hears from the lips of its mother. It scarcely seems possible that childhood could be complete without Santa Claus, yet French peasant childhood is, and it is a wonderful childhood, in some respects, too. In America we have little that approaches the folk-knowledge passed down the line of generations by word of mouth among the French farming people; marvelous, fantastic stories, with a basis of verity away back yonder somewhere in the misty middle ages. They are the accumulation of the efforts of centuries of unlettered authors, and there is that in them which the modern story, the swift work of a single mind, cannot hope to achieve.

The makers of French folk-lore apparently are not slow on seizing upon good material. I was promised by the inhabitants of a peasant village where I helped officiate at a Christmas festival last year, that our "party" would become a village tradition. From what my friend writes this promise is in the process of fulfillment. The children are recalling their "American" Christmases of yesteryear, and Santa Claus, as sponsored by His Grace, the Doughboy, has taken its place in the legends which appear to spring from the very soil of France.

This thought sets one to wondering if the French child understands that the O. D. Santa Claus he saw last year is not the regulation Santa Claus, but a sort

of war-emergency substitute. Is the French child always to believe that Santa wears a military blouse, wrap puttees and an overseas cap, or has it been explained to him that this year Santa should be in civies, a fur-trimmed habit and shining leather boots, though rubber hip-boots might be permissible in France? And are Jacques and Celeste to comprehend that last year Santa was trained down thin, on account of eating slum, and that by now he should have fattened out to proper proportions? Unless all these things are straight in young French minds our task is incomplete.

THE Christmas fete in which I participated last year was no different from a thousand others. It occurred at Celsoy, in the department of Haute Marne, about twelve kilometers from Langres. Five of us were in the party. Pinkerton, an old-time printer, with the easy generosity of his trade, originated the scheme. A week before the holiday he visited the mayor of Celsoy and obtained the name of every little girl and boy in the village. There were just fifty on the list. Then he went to Langres and bought fifty toys and small presents. He subsidized the cook in the staff officers' mess and persuaded that worthy to bake two enormous cakes. Where he stole the sugar no one knows, but those cakes were five layers high, as big around as a wagon wheel, and fit to set before a king. When the cook found out what the cakes were for he returned the money Pink had given him.

Little villages like Celsoy dot the valleys of France and are seldom more than four or five kilometers apart. They number from 200 to 500 inhabitants, or from fifty to 100 *foyers*, or hearths, which is the unit by which the peasants measure the size of their communities. A peasant rarely lives, on his farm, as our farmers do. Farms are small, averaging not more than twenty-five acres, and the farmers of a community live together in red-tile-roofed, stone houses, which form a village. The public places are two—always two—*cafes*, a *mairie*, or town hall, where the government telephone is, and a church.

These towns have no commercial significance whatever. They are a relic of the middle ages, when the rural population banded together near the walls of a neighboring feudal lord's castle for protection, and paid for that protection with a share of their crops. An axiom of royal France was that the commoners paid in goods, the nobles in blood, the clergy in prayer. That is how the three estates got along. About a kilometer from Celsoy sits the moated chateau of an ancient noble family, which once ruled a little dukedom or something round about. The castle is a sad looking ruin now, and is inhabited only by the family of a caretaker, who seems to be anything but just that.

Celsoy is very old and never enjoyed a boom. The ruling noble must have been a benevolent old customer, for in the eleventh century he built his people a church, which they still use.

There is no village so small but that it has a regular municipal organization, the head of which is the *maire*. But

twice or three times a day, if the occasion demands, with a drum which he beats vigorously to attract attention, and reads his proclamation to the succession of crowds which gather about him.

DURING the war the twice-a-day official *communiqués* were proclaimed.

gets all its news to the people through these town criers. New drafts used to be called into the army this way. I remember when France was preparing for her last effort, the one which broke the German line and won the war, of hearing a town crier announce the summons which brought the very last of



from my observation the most important municipal functionary, and the one I should want to be, if I lived in France and were an old man, is the town crier. He is more than a municipal office holder of pomp and distinction; he is an agent of the national government, and an important one. It is from him that the villagers first get all their intelligence of note. He goes through the street, once,

Wherever there were American troops there were Christmas trees, and Santa appeared in khaki disguise.

They were telephoned from the provincial centers to the village *mairies*, where the official phone usually is operated by the daughter of the *maire*. In all of France there are fewer phones than in New York City. The government at Paris

France's available man-power to arms—the class of 1920, boys of sixteen.

The old crier went through Celsoy and read the mayor's proclamation informing the *citoyens* that the brave Americans would hold a Christmas *fete* at the *mairie* at 6.30 p. m. Pinkerton and Priddy went over to Celsoy early in the afternoon and fixed up the tree.

(Continued on page 30)

The Awakening of Gulliver

Murder of Legion Men Stirs America to Consideration of Lilliputian Terrorists



"Red Emma" Goldman on her way to Ellis Island; next stop, Russia.

A SHORT-SIGHTED Gulliver, secure in his own strength, our nation has wandered on for several years heedless of the menace of the little people whose potential power to mischief it did not realize.

The nation girded itself to fight a foe of its own strength and only occasionally diverted its attention to brush aside a Lilliputian terrorist who lent his irritating but comparatively insignificant aid to the major enemy. And when the major enemy was vanquished the nation lay down to rest without thought of the Lilliputian foes about it.

The ranks of these foes within the gate, meanwhile, were swelled with recruits from among the foreigners already in the country and with Reds who slipped in. Our immigration laws are such that any alien may enter the country by giving his name and refusing to answer any questions that would disclose his objectionable antecedents. It is now incumbent upon immigration officials to prove that the alien is within one of the classes enumerated

in the law as inadmissible as an anarchist before they can refuse him admission.

Persuasive Lilliputian orators made numerous converts with their insidious, glowing promises of a workless millennium. The short-sighted nation permitted the short-minded radicals to organize chapters and preach sedition so long as they committed no overt acts. The Lilliputians garnered more and more converts until from a potential menace they became an actual one.

November 11 last, the nation celebrated the anniversary of the vanquishment of the major enemy. On that day the Lilliputians saw fit to strike. They scored in blood upon the nation's fighting sons, members of The American Legion. It was inevitable that they should strike there. The Legion represents all to which they are opposed, an orderly republic. When that happened the nation awakened from its long repose with a realization that the time was long overdue when the land should be purged of Red Lilliputians.

The public protested vehemently against the series of Red activities which culminated in the Centralia tragedy. It pleaded for summary action. The public is slow to anger, but when aroused it is impatient of delay. And there has been unjustifiable delay in dealing with the exponents of murder and anarchy.

THE Attorney General has been scrutinizing existing statutes in an attempt to find a phrase to use as a weapon in

the present situation, but he declares the present laws are insufficient. The old sedition law required the government to connect the preachment of sedition with some clear and open deed against government before the seditionist could be convicted.

The Espionage Act of war time covered radicals seeking the overthrow of our republican institutions but specifically named offenses committed with intent to aid the late major enemy, now subdued. The present Red activities cannot be construed as favoring Germany or any other country; they are directed against the United States.

The Department of Justice has asked Congress for a sharp definition of sedition to meet this situation. A department bill is now in Congress to define it as any act, or threat, against persons or property committed with intention of overthrowing government, or law, by force, and to define promotion of sedition as any spoken, written word or other aid or abetment of this rule of force. Several bills have been introduced along the same line. Congress is going slow on the matter, however, because of the guarantees in the Constitution of free speech and clear proof for conviction of treason. However, some sort of strengthened law to curb the Reds may be passed within the month.

Each great war of the past was followed by a period of great social unrest. The world's economic organization has been disrupted. Europe is said to be near



This Red hot literature is about to make a red hot fire in Boston.



the brink of bankruptcy. A large part of the civilized world is quivering with unrest. Some students of economics are voicing the opinion that the gravest period of readjustment is a year or two in the future, when the world's economic organization begins to right itself.

THOUGH conditions in the United States are not so grave, they are serious. Capital charges labor with reduced production through strikes; labor charges capital with profiteering. And, while capital and labor engage in struggle, the occasion is propitious for Red machinations.

The Reds employ skilled lawyers. They take advantage of the loophole provided by the gap between the Espionage Act and the sedition laws. They advocate sedition, which is now not punishable for the individual unless compromised with an overt act. They stir up sedition, knowing that so long as their actions are not compromised with overt acts they are immune to punishment.

They creep into labor organizations. The grievances of the worker—he is not without them—are magnified a hundred-fold, and a picture of Bolshevism is presented as the solution of his problems. Contracts are broken, strikes are declared and reigns of terror are actuated. The Red does not figure in all strikes, of course, but he does in every reign of terror.

The program approved by the Federation of Unions of Russian Workers in the

Mounted police in action against Reds in Cleveland. Of 134 persons taken in this raid 130 were aliens.

This prosperous looking person is Alexander Berkman, ex-convict and anarchist. He sails with Emma Goldman.



United States, which has come into the possession of the Government, has been published by the Attorney-General. It says:

"We must consciously hasten the elementary movement of the struggle of the working class; we must convert small strikes into general ones, and convert the latter into an armed revolt of the laboring masses against capital and state.

"At the time of this revolt we must at the first favorable opportunity proceed to an immediate seizure of all means of production and all articles of consumption, and make the working class the masters in fact of all general wealth. At the same time we must

mercilessly destroy all remains of governmental authority and class domination, liberating the prisoners, demolish prisons and police offices, destroy all legal papers pertaining to private ownership of property, all field fences and boundaries, and burn all certificates of indebtedness—in a word, we must take care that everything is wiped from the earth that is a reminder of the right to private ownership of property; to blow up barracks, gendarme and police administration, shoot the most prominent military and police officers, must be the important concern of the revolting working people."

(Continued on page 32)



THE EDITORIAL P.C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS



A Mob Is Not The Legion

A GREAT service to the American Legion has been rendered by the press of the country. American newspapers everywhere have given liberal encouragement to the nation-wide organization of war veterans. Millions of words of information and commendatory matter have been carried reflecting the popular approval of The American Legion.

There is one service yet to be asked of the press by The American Legion. It is an essential service and means the modification of what may be set down as the greatest fault of a considerable section of the American press. What we would ask is an intelligent and honest differentiation between the acts of The American Legion and unauthorized acts of occasional individuals.

If an agitator is mobbed by an ill-advised crowd the enterprising reporter too often need only see a couple of Legion buttons or an olive drab shirt to fasten his account of the occurrence upon The American Legion. It means a better "story" that way. The mere fact that the Legion as such had not a thing to do with the affair, the mere fact that The American Legion as such is the unswerving advocate of law and order and opposes mob violence in any and every form, is lost sight of in the thirst for sensational news values.

We recall the circumstances of a whole community being set on edge by the somewhat lurid press accounts of American Legion activities in tearing down Irish flags. As a matter of fact the Legion had nothing to do with the incident and the local post finally asked the newspapers for retractions, which were given, even if with bad grace on a remote page.

The whole stir had been caused by a couple of violently partisan young men who happened to belong to the Legion. The imagination of an enterprising reporter representing a great newspaper did the rest.

The Legion is committed to the principle that violence does not beget law and order. Things are entirely in the public hands in America. Normal processes provide a cure for every evil, political, industrial and social. The American Legion is interested in seeing that the orderly processes whereby equality, justice and democracy are vouchsafed do not languish through the indifference of the public and its servants. American ideals need no improvements, but their attainment requires stimulation. The American Legion will always apply this stimulating process in an orderly and lawful manner, whether in deleting negligent public servants or suppressing the anarchistic philosophy of imported or home-grown defectives.

We look forward to the day when the term "law and order" and the term "American Legion" will be inseparably associated in the public mind.

The Woman's Place

THERE are early indications that women's auxiliaries to The American Legion are going to become an important factor in Legion work.

The national convention indicated the Legion's earnest wish that the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters get behind the local posts and organize and lend their sympathy and moral support to the Legion's work. We look forward to the day when every local post will have its women's auxiliary. Certainly the women may bind themselves together in a community of interests nearly as close as that which holds the men. No one saw darker hours, no one suffered keener privations or made greater sacrifice than the women of America who sent their men to war with a courage and fortitude that overshadow the finest traditions of old Sparta.

They went in spirit through every ordeal, every experience, every hardship. It is peculiarly fit that they should continue to back up their men in the great work now being undertaken by The American Legion.

Referred to Congress

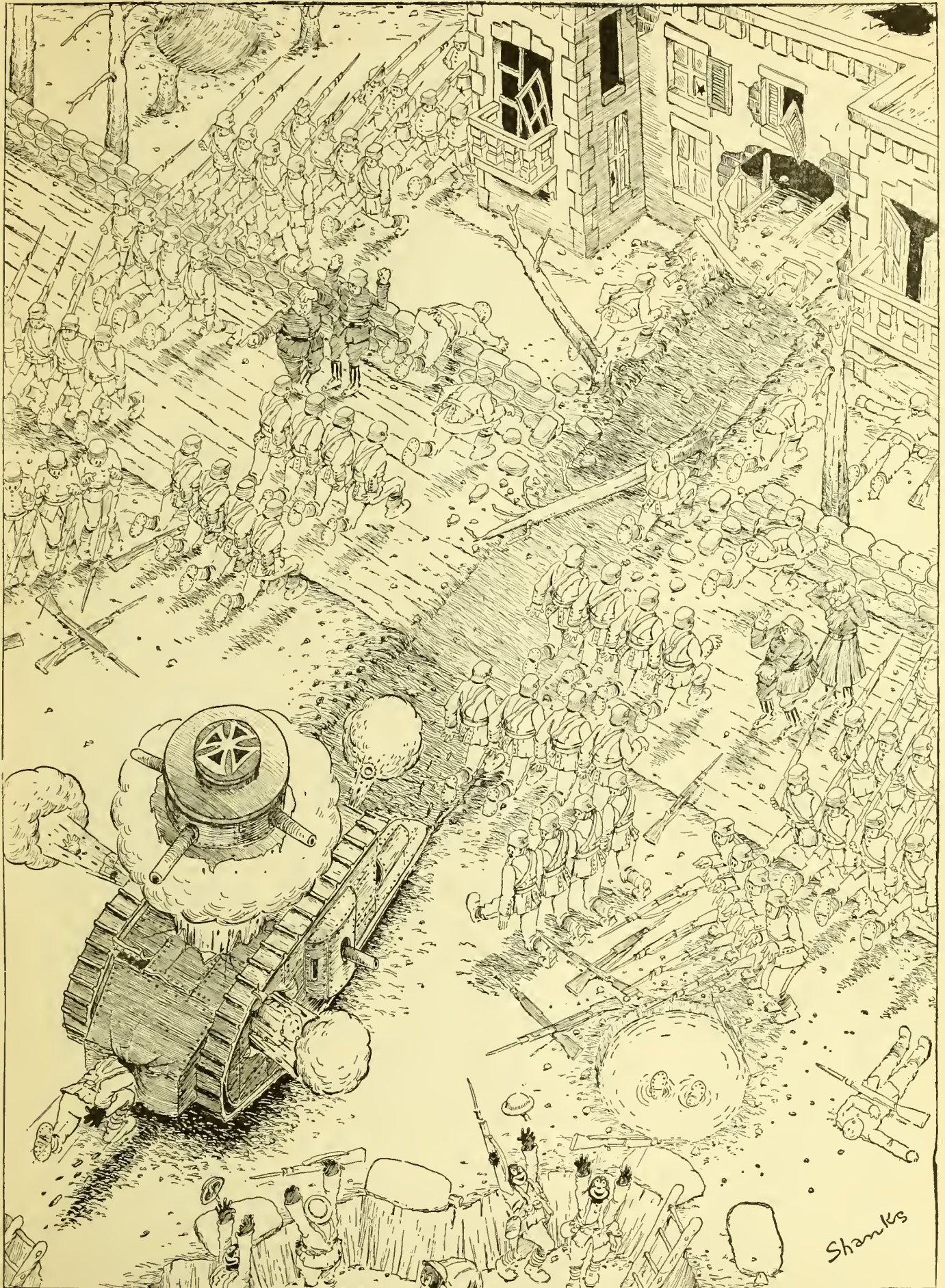
REFERRING again briefly to Congress we note that some thirteen hundred bills relating to the interests of men formerly in service are scattered among several committees. Obviously there should be one committee in House and Senate that should first weigh these measures and note its recommendation upon them. Such a committee would be able to coordinate conflicting bills, separate the wheat from the chaff, and impart to Congress a general as well as a detailed knowledge of the subject as a whole.

We can hardly escape the suspicion that many of those bills were written by legislators who aspire to remain indefinitely in Congress and so are a bit careless in the methods they use. The trouble with such chicanery is that it obscures meritorious legislation. Moreover, the whole problem of beneficial soldier legislation is large enough and important enough to warrant special detailed study, consideration and coordination by a single committee.

On the Side of America

THE attitude of The American Legion towards disputes occurring between capital and labor is the subject of many inquiries. We are asked, for example, to reconcile the differences in action between a local post in one section which passes a resolution sending its members to work in the coal fields in the place of striking coal workers, and that of another post which goes on record as refusing to act as "oppressors of the laboring men" in the strike situation occurring in its locality.

The answer is simple and clear. Any hope by interested parties that The American Legion will become a party to any dispute of an industrial or other character reckons without the temperament of The American Legion. The American Legion has no quarrel with labor nor with capital. Its interests are the interests of the average American. It is altogether on the side of America. Whichever party to an industrial or other dispute holds for things American, whichever ranges itself on the side of America first and keeps selfish interests properly subordinated, that party can have no quarrel with The American Legion.



Hitherto Unpublished Pictures of the War: Private Jackson, of the "Buffaloes," breaks up a tank attack with a little head work.

Free Medical Aid to Veterans

Few Have Taken Advantage of Rights Under Public Health Service

THOUSANDS of disabled service men who are entitled to government hospital care have not applied for it. Some of them are missing this attention because they are unaware of their rights. On the other hand there are thousands more who are now disabled and would be glad to avail themselves of the government hospitals, but are barred because the present law covers only those whose disability or illness originated in, or was increased in, the government service.

The chief medical adviser of the War Risk Insurance Bureau estimates that 641,000 uniformed Americans came out of the war with disability. This is more than twelve per cent of the 5,041,470 persons covered by the War Risk Act. On November 1, 1919, only 84,000 had received government medical aid.

The government has recently begun a publicity campaign to acquaint the service-disabled men and women of their rights. But this does nothing for the thousands of service men whose present illness has no connection with war. It is the opinion of The American Legion that the government should make some provision for them for at least one year. At the Minneapolis convention this resolution was passed:

"Recommend to Congress the enactment of legislation making sufficient appropriation to provide adequate hospital and sanitarium facilities for the care and treatment of all persons discharged from the military and naval service, and to provide medical and surgical treatment to any of the persons mentioned above, irrespective of the service origin or aggravation of their disability for one year subsequent to the passage of the Act, this in addition to the medical and surgical treatment now provided by law; that all disabled ex-service men and women be permitted to go to the best hospitals, that they may be treated by their own physicians if they so desire."

A poster issued by the Treasury Department calls the attention of discharged veterans to the fact that the Public Health Service has already provided forty-three hospitals throughout the country for those now entitled to treatment. These posters do not, but should, lay stress on that provision of the law which denies War Risk compensation for sickness or death later in life unless the soldier obtain, within one year after discharge, a certificate covering the illness likely to result in

disability or fatality. The year of grace has already passed for many; it is passing rapidly for the rest. Men and women who came out of the war with any physical handicap are entitled to a certificate and should file applications for examination

and disability compensation it is suggested that Legion members pass the word along. The records show numerous cases wherein men discharged as physically fit were discovered a day or two later with serious ailments of a nature which proved to be of service origin. The reports of the doctors, before whom those men appeared for examination at time of discharge, are in such cases thrown out and the men are admitted to hospitals.

Defects appearing a considerable length of time after discharge present a more serious problem. In each case, however, it is incumbent upon the government representative, before refusing medical attention to the applicant, to prove that the disability did not originate in the service or was not aggravated in the service. The former service man can insist on being granted the benefit of the doubt whenever a doubt exists. Local posts, in this connection, can assist in establishing the validity of such bona fide claims.

Long before Cantigny, Congress inserted in the War Risk Act the promise that after the war all whose illnesses dated from their service would receive medical care after discharge. On March 3, 1919, the present hospital law was enacted, providing \$14,000,000 for the extension of the Public Health Service to enable it to care for discharged service men. To date twenty hospitals have been added to the twenty-three operated by that service before the war.

The last Public Health Service report showed 6,969 patients undergoing treatment. Of these 4,806 were veterans of the war. The other 2,163 were men of the merchant marine and various governmental departments. They included Mississippi River boatmen, coastguard and lighthouse men, engineers, and other civilians on the federal pay roll.

Some 2,000 of the total 6,969 were not bed patients, but callers at the hospital dispensaries for medicine or treatment.

To operate this hospital system 3,363 persons are employed—277 doctors, 129 consultant physicians and 533 nurses. On November 1 only forty-five of the total 9,000 beds in the forty-three hospitals were occupied.

The Public Health Service anticipates, however, that its capacity will soon be overtaxed and has asked Congress for millions more to get ready for the increased load.

(Continued on page 25)

PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

District Supervisors

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island; District No. 1; Surgeon W. W. King, 51 Cornhill, Boston.

Connecticut, New York, New Jersey; District No. 2; Surgeon F. C. King, 280 Broadway, New York City.

Pennsylvania, Delaware; District No. 3; Senior Surgeon Fairfax Irwin, 1512 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia; District No. 4; Past Assistant Surgeon J. G. Townsend, Fifteenth Street and Ohio Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida; District No. 5; Surgeon George F. Pitcher, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana; District No. 6; Past Assistant Surgeon G. H. Waring, Audubon Bldg., New Orleans.

Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky; District No. 7; Surgeon D. E. Robinson, 705 Neave Bldg., Cincinnati.

Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin; District No. 8; Senior Surgeon Charles F. Banks, 512 Garland Bldg., Chicago.

Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri; District No. 9; Past Assistant Surgeon W. C. Wittem, 1602 Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis.

Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, District No. 10; Surgeon H. M. Bracken, 714 Lowry Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico; District No. 11; Surgeon F. J. Pierce, Mercantile Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Arizona, Nevada, California; District No. 12; Surgeon John D. Long, 76 New Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Washington, Idaho, Oregon; District No. 13; Surgeon Hugh De Valin, 416 Central Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas; District No. 14; Surgeon J. M. Helt, 312 Mason Bldg., Houston, Tex.

without further delay.

In the hurry of demobilization few took cognizance of this government provision, to which too little publicity has been given.

IN VIEW of the general lack of information concerning medical attention

The Jewel of Jewels

By ANGUS PERKERSON

BIG Jim turned and saw a shadow slip into the alleyway behind him. The figure had a suggestion of familiarity that left Grogan standing uncertainly at the edge of the street.

"I wonder——" he said.

Cautiously he moved to the mouth of the passage and stopped.

"Show yourself," he growled.

A hand reached from the darkness and drew him into the cover of the alley.

"It's me, Jim," said a thin, high voice.

If Yan, the Swede, had dropped out of the clouds, Jim wouldn't have wondered. Two years before a tramp steamer had crawled into port from the Chinese coast, and the lean Swede had walked down the gangplank. In one hand he held three collars and in the other a book of Chinese poets. The two of them, Jim and the Swede, had somehow taken to each other in the way men will, and through the long, hot days had worked side by side on the docks, and in the evenings had wandered together along the water-front. On the lips of the Swede were stories of the Chinese coast and his years there, and mixed with his queer tales were the argot of the coolies and the rose-hued words of Manchu poets. He knew both.

Yan moved closer in the darkness. "I think somebody's after me, Jim," he said softly. "Wait at Mack's. I got something to tell you."

The big man hesitated.

"I can take care of myself," assured Yan.

"You know your own game," admitted Grogan.

It was four blocks to Mack's. Grogan selected a table apart from the rest and sat facing the Chinese quarter. In the old days Mack's had served everything to drink that was drinkable. Now it offered substitutes that hardly looked the part. But Grogan, being a favored guest, was finishing a bottle from other times when the swinging doors parted and Yan crossed the floor.

The Swede, for several moments, sat drumming his fingers on the table.

"See anybody?" asked Grogan.

The Swede shook his head.

"What's up?"

DAN leaned across the table, his face close to Grogan's, and jerked one thumb toward the Chinese quarter. "They got the biggest jewel in the world over there."

The two sat looking into each other's eyes in the comfortable corner of Mack's.

"What are you driving at?" asked Jim.



Grogan reached his hand down to Yan.

"It's over there!"

"What's over there?"

"The jewel."

From an inside pocket Yan snatched a yellow parchment and spread it on the table. One lean finger pointed half-way down the page to a paragraph of Chinese characters. "It says here—holy of holies, jewel of jewels. The rest is about the soul and Confucius."

Jim eyed the parchment.

"They send it with the jewel," added Yan. "It's an advertisement, a pronouncement. I got it off one of the guard last night. They send a guard with it."

Grogan looked at him with steady gaze. "What's the big idea?"

Yan leaned closer, his voice almost a whisper. "It's a sacred jewel, Jim. They send it from place to place. From one end of the earth to the other."

The Swede jerked his head toward the Chinese quarter. "There's a board partition no thicker than your hands between the buildings," he said.

"No brick?" questioned Grogan.

The Swede shook his head eagerly. "I got a room down the hall, Jim," he said. "I bored through last night."

They sat eyeing each other.

"Steal the Chinks' jewel?" questioned Big Jim, a heavy furrow settling between his eyes.

Yan caught his arm. "Jim, you heard about the Green Diamond that the Chinks stole out of India five years ago and the Britishers never got back? Maybe this is it."

"Why?"

"I said *maybe*."

DOUBT and the spirit of fair play showed on the big man's face. He moved his feet uneasily and hit one hand

against the other. But all the while his cheeks began to flush slowly with the thrill of the thing—the mystery, the lure of it. Suddenly he pushed back his chair and straightened his six feet three of brawn.

"All right," he said.

The two moved toward the door and into the hall. Yan leading.

Down the passage they stopped at the third room on the left. Yan unlocked the door, entered and lighted a lamp. Big Jim walked to the rear of the room and began to tap the wall, nodding his head at the hollow sound. Yan pointed to a patch of black cloth on the wall and, holding the lamp cautiously, moved the cloth to one side, disclosing an eye-hole.

"Nobody's there," he said. "I watched them last night. They went down a

trapdoor about middleways the hall. They've got it down there, underground. We'll wait a bit."

Big Jim sat on the side of the rickety bed, filled his pipe, and began to smoke silently. But his white teeth bit against the pipe-stem and his eyes glowed. His whole big body was filled with excitement, the chance for action, the possibility of danger. The Swede walked noiselessly back and forth with the cushioned tread of an animal. He was long and thin and wiry-muscled, and something about him suggested the cat tribe.

Slowly the minutes went by; suddenly Yan stopped. "There may be a lot of them, Jim," he said. "I don't know what's down there. We mightn't come back."

"Hell!" The big man knocked the ashes from his pipe and stood up. He slipped out of his coat, pitched it and his hat to the bed, and began to roll back his sleeves. The Swede stood looking at him uncertainly, his long, thin fingers running back and forth over his jaw. For the moment his nerve was shaky.

"Let's be moving," said Big Jim gruffly.

The heavy voice put courage back into the Swede. With a deep breath he dropped on his knees and hauled out a suitcase, then a bag like an army barrack bag. He threw back the cover of the suitcase and took out several saws; then from the handbag he fished an oil can and a flashlight.

"We can cut through the wall easy, Jim," he said.

THE big man nodded and reached for the oil can and the light. The Swede wormed out of his coat, turned up his sleeves, and selected one of the saws. The

work was slow, but the saw bit steadily into the wood. Big Jim took the saw and Yan held the light and dropped the oil. Driven by the big man's arms of steel the saw moved faster, went through the last foot of board, and a black hole gaped in the wall.

Yan reached back into the barrack bag, took out two automatics, handed one to Grogan and slipped the other into his pocket. The two picked up their coats, and Yan, squatting on the floor, wormed through the hole and out of sight.

"It's no drop at all," he whispered back from the darkness.

Big Jim pushed his body through the opening and found, as he stood erect, that his shoulders reached above the hole they had cut in the partition. He put one hand on the Swede's shoulder and let Yan guide him. After a minute's slow advance the Swede cautiously pressed the button of the flashlight, and the pale gleam showed an iron ring pinned into the floor. For a moment they stood listening. There was no sound. The Swede caught the ring, lifted it, and pulled back a trapdoor. The searchlight showed a ladder leading down into the darkness. For the rest they could see nothing. The Swede stood uncertainly at the edge of the pit as though the unknown terrors of that dark hole had broken his courage. Big Jim reached for the flashlight and put one foot on the top rung of the ladder. Slowly he climbed down until his feet touched the floor of the cellar. Yan followed.

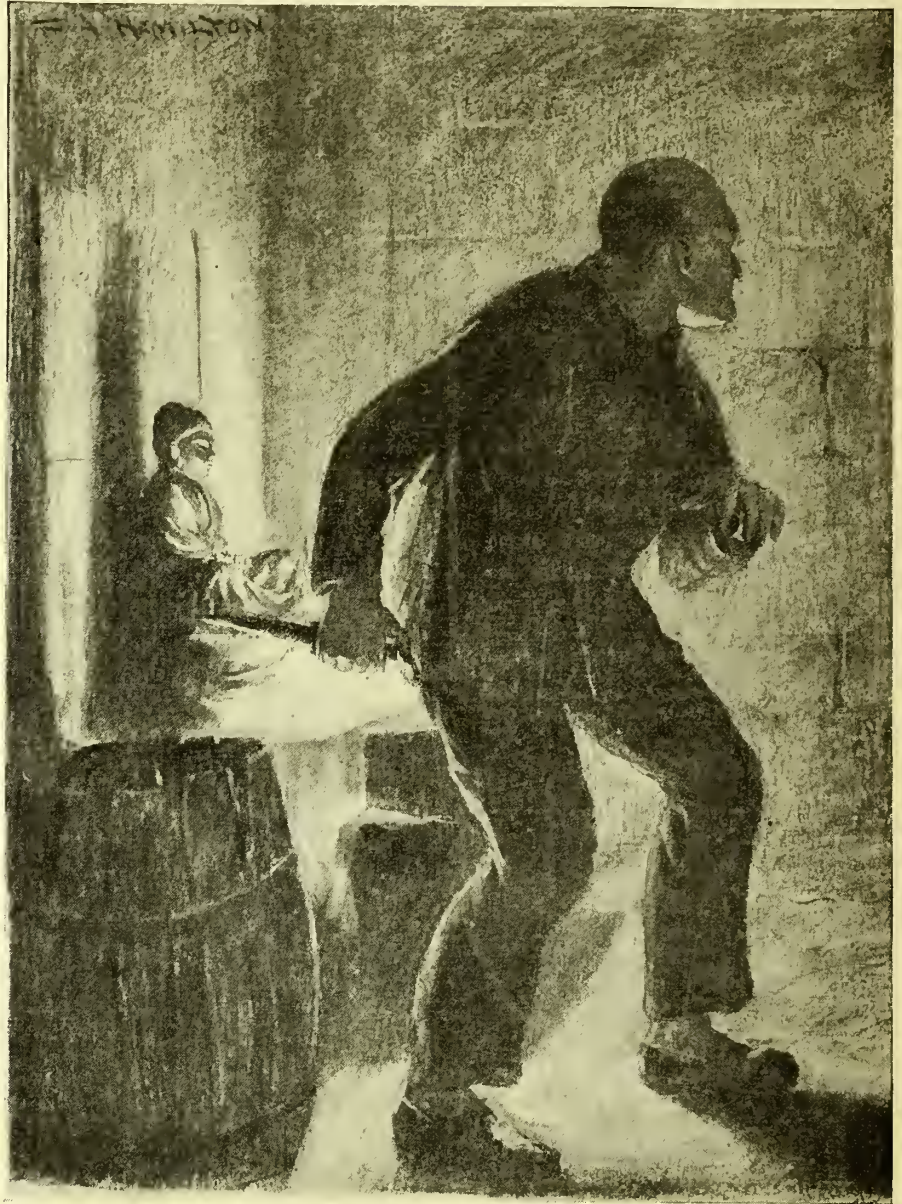
The place smelled of dank earth, and foul water dripped from the roof. Ahead shown a dim ray as through the opening of a door. Big Jim, the automatic in one hand, the flashlight in the other, began to walk slowly down the cellar toward the light. The tip of the ray touched the ground at his feet, and only a short distance separated him from its source. Grogan stopped for a moment to listen, but he heard only the drip of water and the squeak of rats. With a snap he pushed forward the button of the flashlight and sent the pale gleam spreading over a curtain which stretched from side to side of the cellar. Grogan advanced an inch and, with Yan pressing against him, looked through the space where the halves of the curtain met.

TEN tapers burned about a joss, and a box of wood stood on a velvet stool before the idol. On the floor squatted a yellow man of monstrous size—like a Japanese wrestler. His flat face was broader than Grogan's two big hands, and his shadowy bulk seemed to fill the space within the curtains. At that instant Yan groaned and, though darkness veiled his eyes, Grogan knew the Swede had hit out with one long arm. He heard the smack of fist against flesh, a yell and the thump of a body against the soft ground, but he had no time to turn to Yan's aid. The yellow man squatting by the velvet stool on which stood the box of glistening wood woke as though the yell had been a knife blade jabbed into him.

He leaped up and stood for an instant darting his wicked little eyes everywhere. His head reached a foot above the upper edge of the curtains and his shoulders

seemed broad enough to span from wall to wall. Like a bull at the sight of red, he ducked his head and charged toward the curtains. So sudden was the attack that it caught Grogan unawares. The pistol went spinning from his hand, and he plunged against the side of the cellar. Righting himself he smashed one big fist

side-stepped and took more time about his third blow. He landed on the tip of the other's chin, putting his weight behind the swing, but the only effect was a grunt that seemed to come from the Chink's very soul. Grogan tried again, but the blow missed, for the yellow man was moving faster than ever.



The feel of a knife in his fingers

against the yellow man's ear. The Chink grunted as though hurt down to his toes and grabbed the curtains for support, tearing them loose and staggering as far as the joss.

Grogan's second blow was badly timed and merely knocked the yellow man's nose askew, doing no real damage but provoking the Chink to quicker action. He moved fast for such a huge body, wonderfully fast, but even at that he was a fraction too slow. Grogan was heavy-muscled but light on his feet, and he knew much of the art of boxing, of which the Chink knew nothing. The yellow man's only idea was to reach for Grogan's neck and to grab and mash, but he had no chance to do either. Grogan

Grogan had to duck and step quickly to get out of his way. The thick fingers brushed his neck and he had no time to hit. He shifted toward the wall, drawing the Chink nearer that side; and, as the man charged, Grogan moved to the left and drove his fist into the Chink's stomach. The yellow man doubled up and backed toward the wall. Evidently he was hurt, and the trouble he had in breathing caused him to open his mouth and suck in the air like a fish out of water. But his arms kept weaving back and forth, and his fat hands opened and closed in a way horribly significant of what would happen if once he got his grip.

Grogan smiled and at the same time

felt annoyed with himself. If he had pounded the Chink's body from the first, the thing might be over now. He had a dim notion of heavy breathing and struggling near him, but he had no time to think of Yan. He needed all his attention for the Chink. Suddenly one of the yellow man's hands moved toward

nicety of a butcher slicing bacon. He aimed for Grogan's neck, and the blade touched Grogan's skin.

The Chink grinned and came forward slowly. His lips drew back until his teeth showed and his little eyes glistened. Clearly he meant to end matters with another rake of the knife, and to Grogan

stunned by his fall, swung the box shoulder high and smashed it down on the yellow man's head.

At that instant the cellar roared and echoed with a thunder of sound. The walls caught up the heavy report and tossed it back and forth, throwing it deafeningly against his eardrums. From the altar Grogan snatched a lighted taper and, with it in one hand and the box in the other, tottered forward. Yan stood in the middle of the cellar, a pistol gripped by his side.

Swaying back and forth, Grogan stared at Yan. "Hurt?" he asked.

AS THE Swede, by way of answer, slipped one arm around the big man's shoulder, the roar of a pistol filled the cellar. Grogan snuffed the candle and they stumbled forward, Grogan holding the box. Queer lights flashed before his eyes and he knew he was falling. His fingers closed on a rung of the ladder. His brain seemed to clear, and he hauled himself up toward the fresh air. After he had crawled through the opening, he reached down his hand to Yan. As the Swede emerged, Grogan tried to throw the trapdoor back into place, but it was too much for his strength. A pistol cracked and a bullet sang by his face. Hugging the box he stumbled forward, with Yan leading. The Swede seemed to have eyes that saw in the night. He made straight for the hole in the wall and squirmed through like an eel. He reached back to help Grogan, but the big man pushed the box up first. Painfully Grogan began to pull himself through the hole. When he was half-way into the room, a light shone behind them, a bullet ripped through the thin board of the wall, and another followed. Grogan stood on his feet.

"Are you hit?" yelled the Swede.

"Gimme!" said Grogan, and grabbed the box.

The Swede jerked him toward the door, and they stumbled into the hall and down the passage to the street.

"The jewel's here," said Grogan, clutching the box. "I smashed the Chink with it and brought it along."

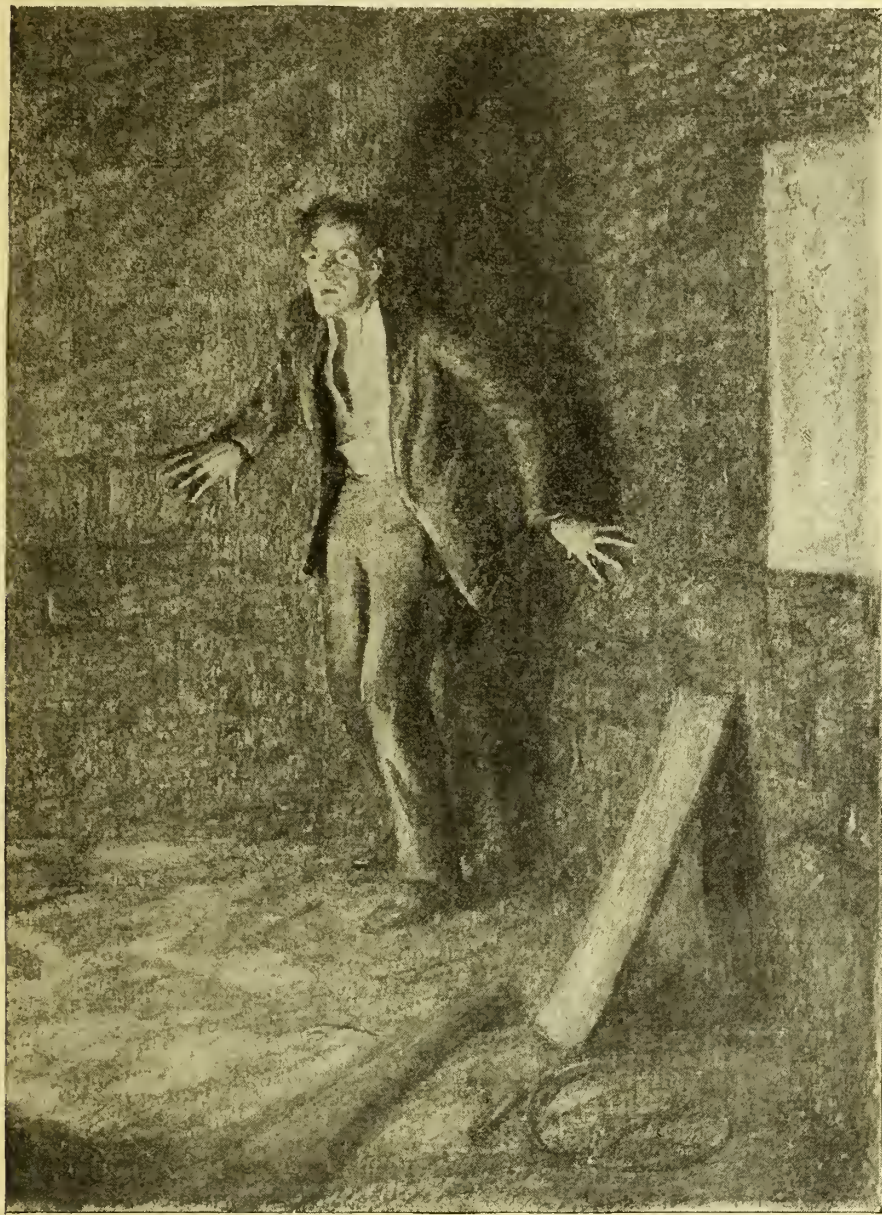
Yan caught the big man to keep him from falling. With one hand he shoved open the swinging doors and they stepped into the safety of Mack's. They stood by the entrance, Jim Grogan with his chest smeared with red, but his arms wrapped around the box; and Yan with a great splotch on his forehead.

"My God!" said the man behind the bar.

Grogan swayed heavily and dropped to his knees. The box slipped through his fingers to the floor. With Yan supporting him, he reached for the box, tilted back the lid, and thrust his hand inside. From within he drew a book bound in black leather with lettering of red, a volume like a pocket edition of Shakespeare. He opened his eyes, shut them, looked at the Swede, kneeling on one knee, examined the lettering in red.

"The sayings of Confucious," he read, "kissed by the high priest. The jewel of jewels—"

Big Jim slipped forward on the floor. "Bring—a—bottle—of—beer," he directed, "and—call—a—doctor."



made a different fighter of the Chink.

his waistband, and Grogan realized that something new was coming. It came in the shape of a knife, a thin blade that snuggled lovingly into the Chink's hand. For a moment both waited. Each seemed agreed that the time had come to end matters, and a grin which began to curl the yellow man's lips showed that he thought well of his chances. The feel of the knife in his fingers made him a different fighter. He gripped it at his side and advanced carefully, stalking Grogan as an animal does its food. Grogan dodged and, as he moved, the knife dug through the flesh of his shoulder.

THE Chink, who had handled his hands like sacks of meal tied at the end of his wrists, used his knife with the

the yellow man's chances looked good. The cut on his shoulder had gone fairly deep, and the blood soaked his coat sleeve.

The yellow man moved carefully. He seemed to progress by inches, holding his blade at a nice angle as though he meant to do the job neatly. For several moments Grogan endured the slow advance, then with a hoarse growl he rushed. The knife swooped out and down, but Grogan slipped.

Grogan fell in front of the joss and cracked his elbow against the box on the velvet stool. As he rose he held the heavy case of wood in one hand. The yellow man turned with the knife gripped rigidly, but his chance had come and gone. He was only half around when Grogan, dizzy from his wound and half

BURSTS and DUDS



In the early days of the war, the officer in charge of a British post deep in the heart of Africa received the wireless message from his superior officer:

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

Back went his reply: "Have arrested six Germans, three Belgians, two Frenchmen, two Italians, an Austrian and an American. Please say who we are at war with."

A homesick Irishman had gotten a job as crossing guard for a railroad. The foreman handed him a red flag and a green flag, and told him:

"Whenever you see a train coming, get out and wave this red flag."

"Git away wid yer job," exclaimed the Celt, "me wave a red flag whin Oi got a grane one handy? Oi'll starve first."

From a soldier's letter, written in a French box-car:

"Our officers won't tell us where we are going, but we can easily tell by watching the names of the towns, which are painted in big letters on all the railroad stations. Just now we are passing the town of Hommes Dames."

"I can't go to war," exclaimed the registrant to the exemption board. "If I go, there's nobody to look after my wife."

Whereat a dapper individual stepped up briskly, and asked, "What kind of a lookin' lady is your wife?"

A Scotch minister was walking through a street in the village one misty evening when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape and he began to shout for help.

A passing laborer heard his cries, and looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the laborer remarked: "Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Saw-bath, an' this is only Wednesday night."



The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.

Prize winners are: A. C. MacIntyre, Oil City, Pa.; R. O. Beupre, Burlington, Vt.; Victor Paquette, Camp Holabird, Md.; Geo. J. Bienstock, New York City; Jas. E. Saickup, Chicago, Ill.; Richard Thornton, Worcester, Mass.; Truman Young, Salt Lake City; Thomas D. Warke, Calasauqua, Pa.; Farrand Mikesell, Buffalo, Wyo.; Chas. C. Neale, St. Paul, Minn.; Chas. S. Stevenson, Kansas City, Mo.; A. M. Lumpe, Circleville, Ohio; Chas. H. Huggins, New Bedford, Mass.; George Albright, Peoria, Ill.

Money talks, but you've got to get pretty close to it to understand what it says.



"Mister soldier, why do you carry a little gun?"
"Because I do little fighting."

Last night, while all the camp was still, I dreamed 'twas Judgment Day.

And Gabriel, in accents shrill,

Bade us our sins display.

But, 'stead of tooting on his horn

As I'd read it would be,

He called, on that eventful morn,

"All out for reveille!"

"Waiter!" cried the diner, "there's a fly in this ice cream!"

"Serves him right, sir," replied the waiter, "let him stay there and freeze to death. He was in another's gentleman's soup yesterday. I'll be downright glad to get rid of him."

She: "Do you know why I refused you?"

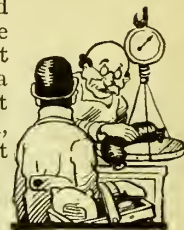
He: "I can't think."

She: "You guessed it."

The customer picked up a knife from the counter and handed it to the butcher with a friendly smile: "I don't really want it," he said, "but if you will cut it off, I'll take it along with the rest."

"Cut what off?" demanded the astonished butcher.

"Your hand," was the gentle reply. "You weighed it with the sausage and I like to get what I pay for."



Brown, to the dentist: "No, I won't pay anything extra for gas. Just yank the tooth out, even if it does hurt a little."

Dentist: "I must say you're very plucky. Just let me see the tooth."

Brown: "Oh, it isn't my tooth; it's Mrs. Brown's. She'll be along in a minute."

A gob was stretched out in an easy chair in the Eagle Hut in London after a strenuous week at sea. A Tommy sauntered up and entered into conversation with him.

"I say, Yank, what's your bloomin' pay?"

"Oh, 'bout ninety beans a month," responded the gob.

The Tommy pondered a minute and then came back. "Blime me, do they bloody well pay you in beans?"

Applicant (an ex-captain): "I don't profess to be much

of a mechanic, but I am sure I would be useful to you as an executive. I've had a lot of army experience."

Employer: "Have you any references?"

Applicant: "Would recommendations from several of my superior officers suit you?"

Employer: "I should say not! Bring me a recommendation from one of your buck privates."

Mother, who had been telling little Billy that it hurt her more than it did him when she punished him, was spanking him one day, when he suddenly wailed: "Mother, you always say you don't like to whip me, but you're cert'n'y enjoying yourself on me now."

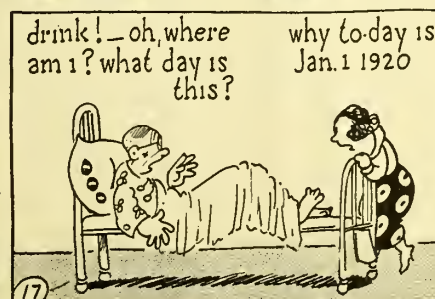
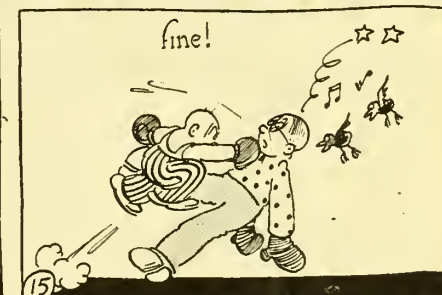
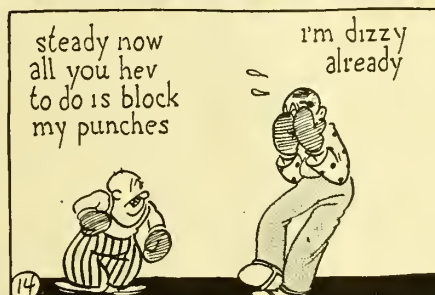
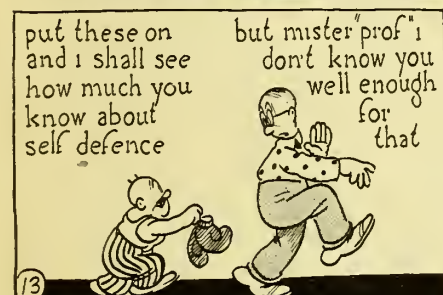
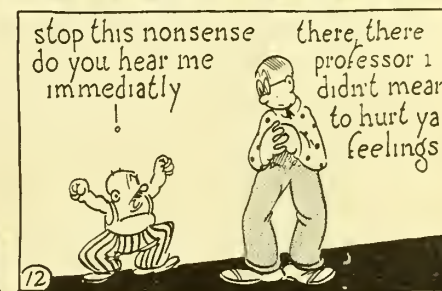
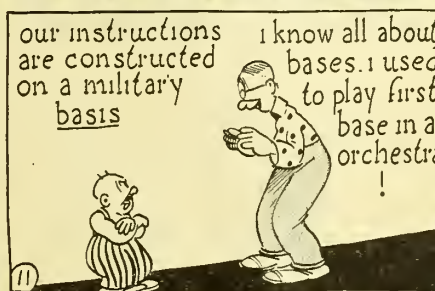
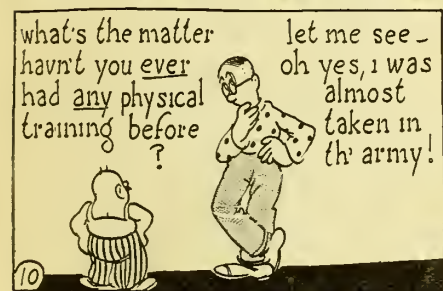
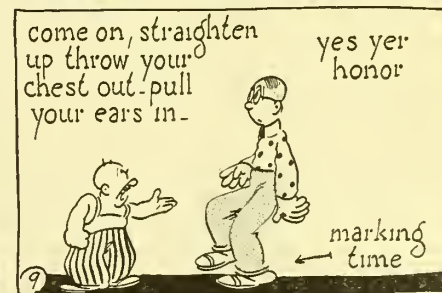
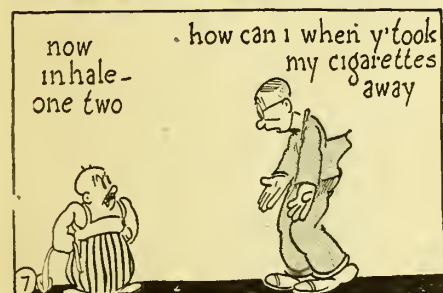
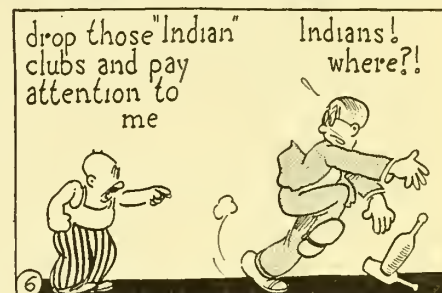
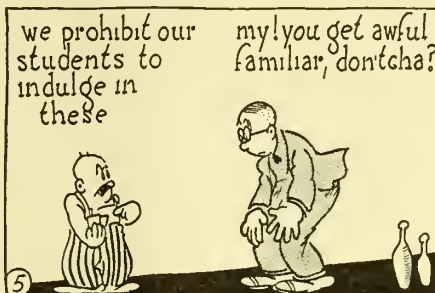
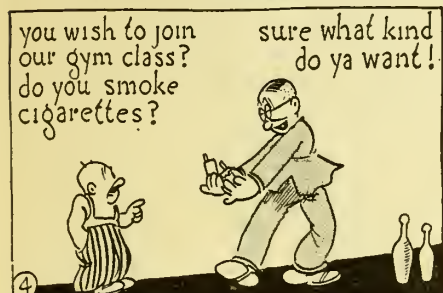
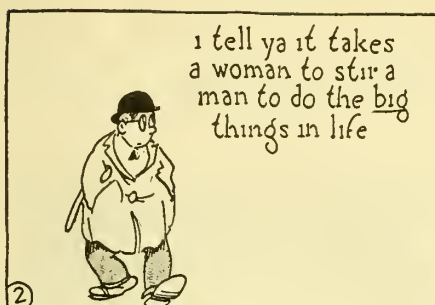
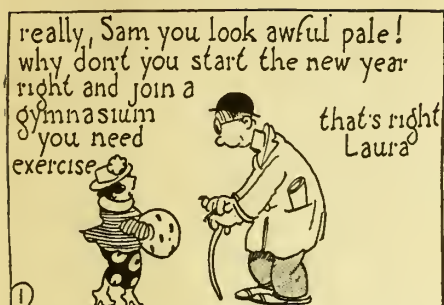
Heard during the Minneapolis convention:

"What's all the crowd about?"

"Don't you know? The American Legion is in town."

"That so? Who they playing?"





He was unconscious a long time.

A Rolling Stone That Gathered Moss

A Man Who Hunted Persistently for His Niche

IN THE career of Frank Presbrey, figure such tasks as farming, pigeon raising, newspaper selling, and newspaper reporting at five dollars per week, cattle punching at thirty dollars a month, editing a Kansas country weekly and holding down a railroad job. For the benefit of the wiseacres, who shake their heads disapprovingly and mutter something condemnatory about "rolling stones gathering no moss," be it known that this particular "rolling stone" gathered "moss" amounting to a considerable fortune; he is now a director of three New York banks, several financial institutions of varied nature, and the head of a big advertising agency of international reputation.

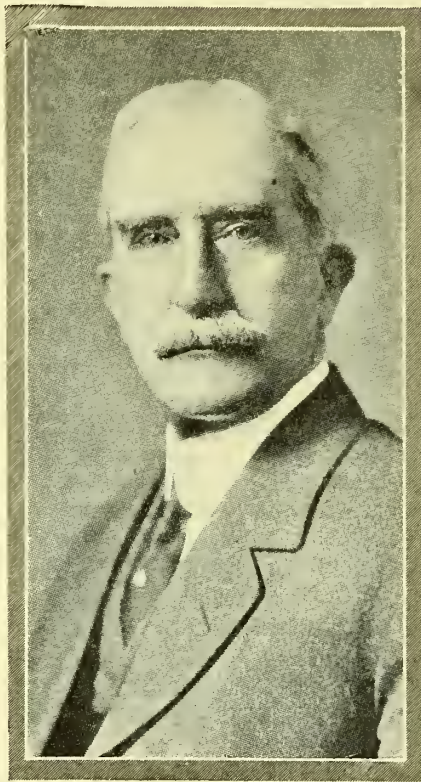
What is more, he attributes his success to the fact that he kept on rolling—taking a chance at many different ventures, trying out his hand until he hit upon the particular line of endeavor to which he was best fitted, and in which he has made such an eminent success.

Meet Mr. Presbrey, and get a bit better acquainted before you hear his characteristic story. He is a fine, up-standing figure of a man, on the mellow side of the half-century mark, with a clean-cut face, stamped with all the lines of a strong and dominant personality, and a well-set jaw. Perhaps the outline of that jaw points out the real reason why a farmer boy blazed a trail from the green country lanes to city pavements and the bankers' directorate table.

Mr. Presbrey's first work was on a farm, the farm where his boyhood was spent. He yearned for opportunities. So while still a very young boy he went to Buffalo, N. Y., and sold newspapers on the streets. In addition to this, he raised pigeons. Then he decided to try newspaper reporting and got a job as reporter on a Buffalo paper at five dollars per week, which was considered by his employers a large enough sum for his "cub" training period.

AFTER he had obtained considerable experience on this paper he set out for Washington, D. C., and got on the staff of a daily paper which has long since suspended publication. One of his regular assignments was the Patent Office, and one day, a red letter one in his life, he made the acquaintance of a young patent examiner, who was a brilliant man, a graduate of Yale, and the one who instilled in Mr. Presbrey the desire for a college education—he had previously only gone through a public school.

His new friend, evidently impressed with Presbrey's enthusiasm and his eagerness for higher education, offered to tutor him evenings, and assured him that by the following June he would have him ready to enroll at Princeton, the college which he had elected to attend. It was then September, but, true to his friend's promise, and due to hard and intensive study on Presbrey's part, he had concluded his preparatory work



Frank Presbrey

"When I made up my mind that I wanted to be identified with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, I went to the general passenger agent and asked for a job."

"He said there was none. I said to him: 'As soon as some one quits, you won't need to look around for another man; just look into the waiting room and I'll be there.'"

"I waited in that outer room on a bench for three weeks for my first job with the Atchison & Topeka."

by June. He entered college that autumn without a condition.

During his college career Presbrey kept up as much as possible his newspaper work. He became Princeton correspondent of several New York and Philadelphia papers, during the summer vacations went on into active newspaper work, and in this way raised money to meet college expenses. After leaving college he went west and spent two years on a cattle ranch, during which time he contributed articles on western life to one of the Chicago dailies. Subsequently he bought a country weekly in Kansas, where he set

type, worked the hand-press, did the janitor work, wrote and edited all the copy, and solicited all the advertisements.

Then he came to the conclusion that he was getting in a rut, and that there was no future for him in the country newspaper field. So he sold his paper and made up his mind to try the railroad business at Topeka, as he was convinced that there was a big future for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and was determined that he would make a connection of some sort with that company. He called at the company's office and asked the general passenger agent for a job. That official told him there wasn't a vacancy. So he said:

"Well, if you have no objection, I'll sit out in the waiting room until you have one."

The kind but busy official seemed amused at this reply, but it is doubtful if he really believed that Mr. Presbrey would carry out that promise—or threat.

"For three weeks," says Mr. Presbrey, "while I sat on that bench in the outer office, waiting for my chance, I read the daily papers, and also books on history and biography, and, by the way, if a young man has anything worth while in his make-up it will be developed and brought out by reading books of this type."

AT THE end of three weeks, the official sent for me, and told me he had a small job that was only temporary, and which would last about a month. I tackled it. Then I went back to the bench in the outer office. My big opportunity came after a week had passed. The advertising manager was taken ill. I got the job. Later I was made a passenger agent of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, and was the youngest titled officer in the railroad service west of the Mississippi.

"However, though I had been so persistent in my efforts to land a berth with the railroad company, after my desire had been gratified I wasn't eager to hold on to the hard-earned job. This was because I believed that the chance did not exist for me to make a great deal of money in the railroad business, and I wanted to make a whole lot of money. It wasn't because I was money-mad. No, I wanted principally the prestige that came with the ability to make money."

"I gave the matter serious thought before I quit my railroad job, but I was finally certain that I was making the right move and returned to newspaper work. Several years afterward I went to New York. I wasn't a particularly young man at this time, but at least the unprofitable experimental years were behind me. I was pretty sure that at last I knew the kind of work I actually wanted to engage in."

"On arriving in New York, I went into the publishing business with Walter Hines Page, our late ambassador to
(Continued on page 29)

BULLETIN BOARD

Mayors of many towns in the British Isles have presented to Ambassador Davis a statement of their regret at the departure of the American forces from Britain. In it are these words: "Those of your men who have resided with us have made countless friends among our people and we shall always retain the happiest memories of their visit. The standard of conduct which they have set has indeed been a high one."

The Photo Section of the Signal Corps, 18th Street and Virginia Avenue, Washington, D. C., is offering for sale 400 specially selected portfolios of war photographs. Each contains sixteen enlargements eleven by sixteen inches in size.

Americans will be glad to read in a newspaper the statement that "on the whole the northern boundary of our country may be considered as fixed, unless some quid pro quo of compelling importance is offered." As for us, we think our northern boundaries are worth at least two compelling quid pro quos.

You have all heard of the profiteer. And that's the end of the first chapter, because in this country we have only heard of him. In Great Britain they have treated him rough. Sixteen hundred local tribunals, set up for the purpose of hearing individual complaints on exorbitant prices, have prosecuted 7,350 offenders and secured 1,320 convictions.

Investigations of army brutality in Berlin have revealed the fact that a Spartacist, captured and sentenced to death last May, was spared because "there was no convenient place in the courthouse to shoot him." Sounds as though the court must have been in a great hurry about the little party.

The rates of pay for enumerators in the coming census have been increased to four cents for each person counted, thirty cents for each farm reported, and fifty cents for each irrigation or drainage enterprise enumerated. Breweries, of course, don't count.

If Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey meet in a world's championship boxing match, the American's manager probably will rule out of the program any little mention of the comparative war records of Carpentier and Dempsey. The Frenchman served through the war as a poilu at the front. Dempsey never squared off against a German bayonet.

A Japanese company has leased 1,800 square miles of farm land in Bolivia. The Bolivian Legation in Tokio has been approached a number of times by Japanese capitalists who were after mining or railroad concessions, but this is the first time they have secured a foothold.

Nitro, the government's munitions city in West Virginia, which cost \$75,000,000 to build, has been sold at auction for \$8,551,000. Not all prices, at any rate, are going up. Yet when this price went down, it reacted through the taxes on the people, and thus we catch it coming and going.

The mystery of G-34, "the gas that will end war," is revealed by E. Alexander Powell in his book, "The Army Behind the Army," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. A single drop of G-34 spilled on the hand penetrates to the blood, attacks the kidneys, heart, and lungs, and causes swift and violent death, it is asserted. This country was shipping it to France at the rate of ten tons a day when the war ended. It was never used in action.

The healthiest state, in the matter of acceptances for military service of men examined in the draft, is Wyoming. Eighty-seven per cent of her men were found fit. Second was Nebraska, and at the bottom was Rhode Island, with fifty-seven per cent.

The movement to erect community houses as war memorials has assumed big proportions. People seem to prefer to erect memorials that shall be useful to the living, rather than stone columns and statues. The Bureau of Memorial Buildings, 124 East 28th Street, New York, acts as a clearing house for information and advice to communities planning such memorials.

While the War Risk Bureau may not be all it should be, it is not improved any when men write letters to it and forget to write "Washington, D. C.," in the address. One such letter recently reached the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department in New York City. Meanwhile the writer was fuming at the War Risk Bureau.

The love the Mexicans bear Uncle Sam is not of recent origin, according to Ingham S. Roberts, adjutant of Post No. 52, Texas, and a fellow of the Texas Historical Association. To illustrate this fact, and to show the way the Mexicans regard the British, he cites this incident. In 1835, when Texas was part of Mexico, a company of Texans who stood for law and order was captured, and, after being promised honorable treatment, was marched out and massacred. All, that is, except two Englishmen; having a wholesome dread of the British Lion, the Mexicans turned them loose.

Seven British soldiers, says a Paris dispatch, built a fire and started to make tea in a field in Belgium a few weeks ago. The fire happened to be directly over a buried shell, which exploded and killed the entire group. We can expect to read of such incidents for several years.



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Name.....

Address.....

WHAT THE LOCAL POSTS ARE DOING

Honolulu Post No. 1 is a big element in the life of Hawaii. News of its Armistice Day festivities, which has just reached the WEEKLY, indicates that the post has a successful way of doing things, from managing a victory pageant to tackling the proposition of Americanizing the large alien element of the islands. Posts in the States should be interested in the romantic sound of this: "The Kamehameha Glee Club sang for the post in Waikiki Park."

Taos Post, Santa Fe, New Mexico, was entertained a while ago by the women of the town at a banquet and dance. The courses, according to reports, were many and varied, but included no gold fish or monkey meat. Sixty-five members were present.

John Jennings Post No. 39, of Belle Plaine, Iowa, announces that it has "some basketball team and is rarin' to take 'em on." Other courageous teams in the vicinity should write to J. A. Herring, care of the post, Belle Plaine.

Veterans of Bristol, Conn., wanted to name their post after the first Bristol man killed, but the identity of that man was impossible to discover, because the first casualties in the town's regiment occurred at Seicheprey and came so thick and fast that no one knew which was the first. Therefore the veterans named their post Seicheprey No. 2. The city of Bristol has given the post quarters and a nest egg of \$6,000.

Women's auxiliaries, which should prove powerful supporters of the Legion posts in the working out of the Legion's program of one hundred per cent Americanism, are appearing rapidly in Indianapolis. There Mrs. C. H. Thurston is busy organizing auxiliaries to ten different posts, while several, notably that of the Robert E. Kennington Post, have already started.

Another outpost of the Legion is the new organization completed last month in Paris, when sixty recently discharged soldiers and some not yet discharged got together and started a post. There will soon be an executive council to act as a governing body for all posts established in Europe. In addition to this new post, fifteen inhabitants of the Paris Latin Quarter have sent in an application for a charter.

"The American Legion is a brand new organization, but its principles are as old as the nation itself. Its members are doing their work in a quiet and orderly fashion, but certainly with the fullest measure of success." This from the *Lafayette* (Ind.) *Evening Courier*, commenting on the success with which Lafayette Post No. 11 prevented the speech of a well-known advocate of unpopular doctrines.

The 107th Infantry Post, in New York City, is anxious to enroll all the former members of the old Seventh Regiment and all the men who served in the regiment as reorganized. If you want to join this post, get in touch with F. M. Justis, 19 Cedar Street, N. Y.

Jesse K. Soby Post of Langhorne, Pa., is about to move into its new home, which will secure for it the distinction of being the first post in the county to have a club house. The citizens have by popular subscription raised \$15,000 for the purchase of a old estate built in 1738, where the post's headquarters will be located.

Immediate deportation without further legal technicalities in the case of two anarchists now on Ellis Island is demanded by Capitol City Post No. 225, Albany, N. Y. The post has expressed its sentiments in a letter to its representatives in Congress, wherein the dilatory tactics of the government are deplored.

Utah is in the field against the local I. W. W. and kindred Reds. The state officials of the Legion have issued a bulletin to all posts, calling attention to the spread of un-American activities of late months and setting forth a concrete program for the future. This includes the appointment of an intelligence officer in each post, the study of the state's law on syndicalism and sabotage, outspoken support of the state officials, and an active campaign for Americanism. This sort of thing will accomplish a great deal.

William T. Smith Post of Northwood, Iowa, has conceived the idea of having an annual ball. The first one, held in November, was a big success and tasted like more. A complete display of military equipment was a big drawing card, as was the canteen conducted by four young women of the local high school. The post is fitting up the rooms which have been given it by the Board of Education.

In a recent issue of the WEEKLY, it was stated that William H. Cheney Post had the best organization in New Hampshire. But Gordon-Bissell Post No. 4 of Keene, N. H., believes that this distinction belongs to it, with its twenty-three room club house. This house is completely furnished and has rooms to rent to any Legion members. The post also has a \$1,500 sick fund, a basketball team, a fat treasury, and 360 members. With this equipment the post challenges the whole of New England to comparison.

It will be noted that the names of un-American gentlemen are not mentioned in the columns of post notes. The WEEKLY believes that this species thrives on advertising and it does not intend to help them thrive.

What percentage of service men in your community belong to your post? In big cities, of course, it is difficult to tell. Among the smaller towns Pottstown, Pa., seems to have a good record, with 300 members out of 600 ex-service men. Hudson Falls (N. Y.) Post No. 574 has an even better showing, with 250 out of 400, or 63 per cent.

Five-year-old Dorothy Russell, mascot of Post No. 170 in Chicago, was responsible for scores of new members in the past month. Every day of The American Legion circus in the Stockyards Amphitheater she sat in a booth and urged passing veterans to join up. She is the daughter of L. H. Russell, adjutant of the post.

Nebraska's first auxiliary has been formed in York Post No. 19, with a charter membership of ninety-four. At the present rate of increase it will soon pass the 500 mark.

No post can get away with any sort of challenge in these columns without being instantly taken up by a score of other posts. Recently Alabama declared that it had the largest post in the country. This is read skeptically by Douglas County Post of Omaha, Neb., which shows a roll of 4,200 members. Think twice before tackling this statement.

Men of the Wichita Post in Kansas took the lead in offering their services to keep the people supplied with coal during the strike. Of the first sixty-one men to respond to the governor's call for volunteers, thirty-nine were members of Thomas Hopkins Post No. 1. In the coal pits they met with conditions that were comparable to what they remembered of war days. But they kept smiling, and they kept the coal coming in steady streams.

New organizers for the eight Oklahoma districts of the Legion were appointed at a meeting held recently in Oklahoma City. A statement was issued by Commander H. H. Hagan warning all members against resorting to mob violence. "Such action," said the Commander, "should be regarded as forfeiture of membership in the organization, which must assist, not embarrass, the authorities."

With the new year, Justras Post No. 43, Manchester, N. H., will move into its cozy new club house. This post is only three months old, yet it has a strong body of more than 500 members.

George Baldrige Post of Sedro-Woolley, Wis., is nearing the completion of its plans for a big club house. Merchants of the town have contributed \$1,000 to buy a lot near the center of the community, and the members have decided that their building shall be of the colonial type, with ball-room, billiard room, swimming pool, and buffet kitchen.

Tecumseh (Nebraska) Post No. 2 of the Legion has changed its name to Kenneth A. Curtis Post. Curtis was one of Johnson County's men who died in action.



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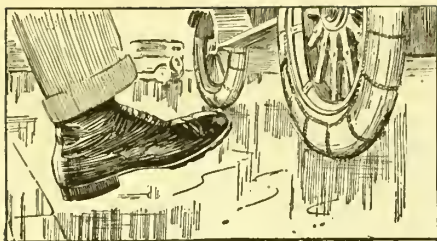


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FIND YOUR BUDDY

Address communications to: Editor, "Find Your Buddy," American Legion Weekly, 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Photographs cannot be returned.

SERGEANT ARTHUR SABEY was discharged at Key Port, Wash., April 5, 1919, and hasn't been heard from since paying a hotel bill at Seattle two days later. His widowed mother and motherless child desire information concerning him. It should be addressed to Mrs. Amanda Sabey, Lehi, Utah, or to B. W. Gray, secretary Lehi Post No. 19, American Legion, Box 602, Lehi, Utah.



Arthur Sabey

American Legion, Box 602, Lehi, Utah.

Has Something Coming to Him

Antone Thompson, Blair, Nebr., wants to return to Walter C. Schwer, former first sergeant, 128th Infantry, the belongings he borrowed while they both were in France.

J. R. Rimbey, 912 W. Franklin Street, Baltimore, Md., wants to hear from PRIVATE LUTHER HINMAN, U. S. Marine Corps, with whom he enlisted.

It will be to the interest of PRIVATE CARMEN DONARDI, Company H, First Pioneer Infantry, to communicate with his former captain, F. D. McLean, Court and Chenango Streets, Binghamton, N. Y.

Alex Anderson, Route 3, Rush City, Minn., wants the home address of LLOYD BOBYN, formerly of 158th Infantry, Fortieth Division.

Anyone knowing the address of SERGEANT VEREMY or WEREMY of the Third Division is asked to communicate with J. A. Lattinville, 8 Conduit Street, Providence, R. I. The man may still be with the division.

Albert G. (Old Pop) Pollard wants to hear from former members of the ELEVENTH ENGINEERS. His address is Thirtieth and Johnson Streets, Corvallis, Ore.

10TH COMPANY AND HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 75th COAST ARTILLERY.—Men who knew Private Frank Fowler at Fort Moultrie, S. C., write his sister, Mrs. Bessie Duncan, Route D, Box 230, Indianapolis, Ind.

322ND INFANTRY.—George Buchanan, of E Company, wounded and missing in the Argonne, but who turned up in a hospital, and Walter Noe, Headquarters Company, reported "missing in Kentucky," write William J. Large, 36 Summitt Street, Bristol, Conn.

M COMPANY, 119TH INFANTRY.—William Ross Beck, reported wounded in action October 9, 1918, and died the same day. Mother hears that a comrade saw him in a British hospital a month later. Mother also would like to hear from soldiers who returned home on S. S. Sierra in December, 1918. Address Mrs. W. W. Beck, Gays, Ill.

AUGUST BROEMMER, private, A Company, 356th Infantry. Reported killed in action on October 21, 1918. The family would like to hear from anyone who knew him in France. Family has no information as to where he is buried. Address his cousin, Miss Irene Bachmann, 2002 Seventh Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

NOTE: For information as to burial place, address U. S. Graves Registration Bureau, A. E. F., France.—EDITOR.

CORP. CHARLES BAUTIELLER, 105th Field Artillery, and Private George Luzzi, same organization, write Miss Helen Felix, 1013 Erie Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.

ARTHUR MCARTHUR, of New Orleans, write Norman B. Smith, 32 Sea View Avenue, Edgewood, R. I.

LIEUT. O. M. MICHAELS, C Company, 334th Tank Corps Battalion, last heard from at Camp Colt, Pas., write M. H. Miller, 812½ Staro Ave, Toledo, Ohio.

K COMPANY, 128th INFANTRY—Family of Captain Orville L. Anderson, reported killed in action while leading his company, near Juvigny, August 30, 1918, would like to hear from anyone who knows particulars of his death. Address A. O. Swaney, Commander, Flathead Post No. 7, Kalispell, Mont., who will notify relatives.

MISSING: Private James A. Maguire Co. D, 110th Infantry, aged 18 years. He was reported wounded Sept. 6, 1918. Family never informed that he was killed. When the 28th Division returned and he did not return with them, relatives wrote to the Adjutant General, Washington, hoping that through the War Department they would receive some official news. After several letters which contained nothing definite, they finally were informed by the War Department in July, 1919, that the boy was officially "presumed" dead. Address his sister, Miss Anna Maguire, 2354 Watkins Street, Philadelphia.



James A. Maguire

JOHN J. MULKERN, C Company, Ninth M. G. Battalion, asked to communicate with his buddy and namesake, John J. Mulkern, formerly 39th Company, Twentieth Engineers, 202 West Ninth Street, South Boston, Mass.

ALFRED F. WOOD, School Street, Millbury, Mass., wants to know if former Sergeant Major J. B. Kass has any more Eighty-second Division histories, and how much they cost. Also wants to hear from Color Sergeant Horace Gatlin, 326th Infantry, who is still in the army, and First Sergeant Frank Harrison, of E Company, 326th Infantry.

LIEUTENANT DAVID G. MEYERS, 114th and 116th Infantry write your old friend George P. Nelson, 1165 Mary Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

L COMPANY, 314th FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION, Eighty-ninth Division.—Corp. Ralph Ellis died of mustard gas burns in Field Hospital 355, Menil-la-Tour, Aug. 13, 1918. His mother desires complete particulars of his death. She has heard he was gassed while operating a telephone near Beaumont, in the Argonne on Aug. 9. Address Mrs. S. B. Ellis, 1710 Morgan Street, Parsons, Kansas.

TWENTY-EIGHTH INFANTRY.—If the parents or relatives of Private Brown, first name not learned, but who served with F or G Company, will address the Rev. W. H. Shirley, Marlow, Okla., they may have particulars of his death. Dr. Shirley was a chaplain at the time and investigated the death, but lost the address of the deceased soldier's relatives.

M COMPANY, 59th INFANTRY, Fourth Division.—Mrs. W. D. Pinkerton, 2143 South Penn Street, Denver, Colo., desires to hear from anyone who knew her brother, Francis E. Cheeney, who was killed in battle, October 5, 1918.

FREE MEDICAL AID TO VETERANS

(Continued from page 14)

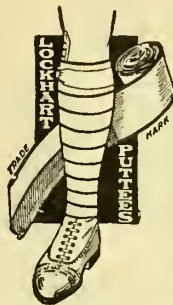
In every county and in nearly every town of importance there is a federal physician or other agent of the Public Health Service. His address may be learned at the local post office. Submit your case to him, and he will advise you how to proceed.

If there is no Public Health representative in your immediate locality, consult the list on this page and write or wire the supervisor of the Public Health district of which you are a resident. He will advise what doctor in your locality to see or will authorize you to travel to some hospital for examination. When traveling on such authorization, your railway fare, expenses and daily wage will be paid by the government. Any travel undertaken without such authorization will be at your own expense.

Another way to obtain medical attention is to communicate with the War Risk Bureau or with the Bureau of Public Health, both at Washington, D. C.

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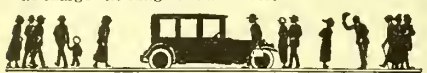
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"Since using 'TWO for ONE' I get 250 to 300 eggs a day instead of 25 or 30," writes J. C. Hoff of Indiana.

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"TWO for ONE" is the marvel of all egg tonics. It is the most remarkable producer of eggs ever known to the poultry world. "TWO for ONE" is making records every day in egg production that were never before believed possible. Flock owners all over the country are amazed with the results. The most experienced poultry experts say they have never seen the like of it.

"TWO for ONE" is not a mere food. It is an egg tonic in the truest sense of the term—a scientific preparation in concentrated tablet form—the result of scientific research and experiment. Every factor entering into the matter of egg production was scientifically studied.

As a result you have in "TWO for ONE" a tonic that conditions the hen for the utmost in laying capacity—that builds muscle and bone—that stimulates active functioning of the hen's reproductive organs—that insures fertile eggs and 100% hatchings—that makes the laggard lay and increases the production of active layers. A tonic that gets more eggs for you winter and summer than you ever thought possible.

\$5000 Egg-Laying Contest

Enter our \$5000.00 egg-laying contest. It's free to all users of "TWO for ONE." You not only double your egg production but you can win one of the big cash prizes we are giving every month. Full particulars in every box of "TWO for ONE."

Money-Back Guarantee

Don't take our word for it. Every box of "TWO for ONE" is sold under the distinct guarantee that if you are not entirely satisfied you get your money back. Take advantage of this offer and send for a box of "TWO for ONE" today.

Only \$1.00 a box, or, our special offer of \$2.00 for large box containing as much as three \$1.00 boxes—enough for an entire season. This costs you 1-15 of a cent a day, per hen, or less than 1c a dozen for the additional eggs you will receive from your flock.

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Gentlemen: I want to increase the egg-laying ability of my hens, make more money out of my chickens and take advantage of the high prices that will be paid during the coming fall and winter. So please find enclosed \$..... for a box of "TWO for ONE" as checked below:

(Check in squares opposite size wanted:)

Small Size (Including War Tax) \$1.00 ☐
Large Size (Including War Tax) \$2.00 ☐

This order entitles me to an entry in your \$5,000.00 egg-laying contest, of which you are to send me full particulars, and my money is to be returned if I am not entirely satisfied with the tonic.

Name.....

Address.....

INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wide general interest.

Airplane vs. Battleship

To the Editor: A short time ago, while in New York, I read in one of the newspapers a story purporting to be from a British admiral named, I believe, Scott. The admiral expressed the opinion that the battleship will soon be obsolete as an instrument of warfare, because of the rapid strides being made in aviation. Are you able to supply me with a clipping of the article in question or inform me how to get one?

J. W. ENNDGREN.

Portsmouth, N. H.

The following probably is the article to which reference is made. It is a clipping of a London press dispatch of October 31, and quotes Admiral Sir Percy Scott as saying:

"The battleship is dead. The great fighting machine of the future will be the airplane, which will develop rapidly. I have seen the British navy change from sails to steam, from fighting on the water to fighting under and over the water now. Now the question is, what is the navy of the future to be? Battleships were dead, before the war, and I think they are more dead now.

"A battleship costs \$40,000,000 and carries 1,000 shells containing 100,000 pounds of high explosives, with an effective range of fifteen miles, but is vulnerable to aircraft with bombs and aerial torpedoes, and to submarines carrying 15- or 18-inch torpedoes.

"For \$40,000,000 we could build many airplane-carrying ships equipped with airplanes carrying 100,000 pounds of explosives. It takes a battleship weighing 30,000 tons to carry 100,000 pounds of explosives. Ten airplanes of three tons each should carry the same amount."

Construction Work in Europe

To the Editor: I am trying to get in touch with some firm that is doing construction work in Europe. Can you put me in line with some company.

Mansfield, Ohio.

L. M. SAEGER.

Communicate with the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, Washington, D. C. State your business experience, degree of education and kind of position desired, if you are seeking a position.

S. A. T. C. and the Victory Button

To the Editor: Are former members of the S. A. T. C. entitled to the Victory Button.

J. VENABLE.

New Orleans, La.

The War Department has ruled that members of the S. A. T. C. were on active duty in the U. S. Army and are entitled to the Victory Button. They may obtain same on presentation of discharge at recruiting station.

American Firms in Foreign Fields

To the Editor: What American builders and engineering companies have contracts in France or South America? What are the addresses of their domestic and foreign offices?

J. D. BOERKOEL.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Communicate with the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., for information requested relative to South America. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, Washington, D. C., is a reliable source from which to obtain the information relative to France.

14-inch Coast Defense Guns

To the Editor: Are there any 14-inch guns in the coast fortifications guarding the approaches to New York City?

Topeka, Kansas.

J. SMOOT.

The only 14-inch guns in the United States coast defense fortifications are at Los Angeles, Cal., the Panama Canal, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

Government Clerks

To the Editor: Who has charge of employing civilian clerks for government work in Panama?

Houston, Tex.

J. D. MOORE.

The United States Civil Service Commission, Field Service, Washington, D. C.

Navy Victory Button and Medal

To the Editor: Can you inform me if the Navy Department has issued a Victory Button and, if so, how I may get one. When will the Victory Medals be ready for issue?

Portland, Ore.

J. SMOLSKE.

Victory Buttons are ready for distribution and men from the Regular Navy may obtain them by presenting their discharge to the officer in charge of the Navy Recruiting Station nearest their home, or by written application, to which their discharge should be attached and forwarded by registered mail. Reservists on inactive duty should make application to the Commandant of the Naval District where their record is on file.

The Victory Medal will not be available for distribution for several months. It will be procurable in the same manner as the Victory Button.

Pay and Transportation Claims

To the Editor: As a former navy man I would like to know to whom to write to submit claims involving back pay and a refund of transportation money?

Chicago, Ill.

JAMES MOONEY.

All claims involving pay of any nature should be directed to the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. Claims relating to transportation should be directed to the Transportation Section, Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Absolute Protection

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Liability (Employers and Public)
General Liability
Elevator—Teams
Automobile
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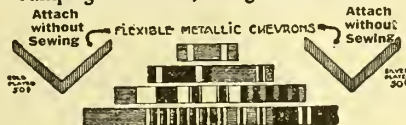
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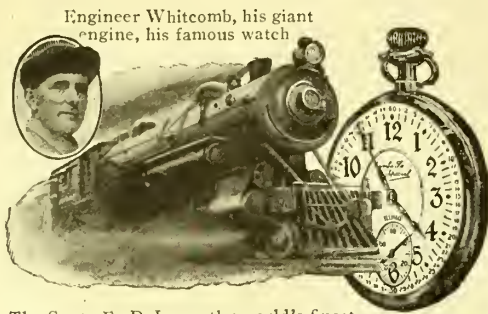
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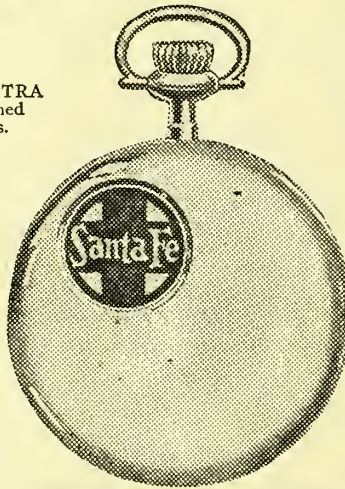
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JOBS FOR VETERANS

A Department That Finds Them

By special arrangement, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY in the issue of Jan. 2, 1920, will begin publication of information concerning employment opportunities for war veterans. The accompanying article describes the methods and organization of the Service and Information Branch of the War Department which will supply the information.

NINETY-FIVE per cent of the veterans of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps have gone back to work, leaving only one per cent still unemployed. That this is true is due in large measure to the work of the former bureau under Colonel Arthur Woods, and to the work of the present organization, the Service and Information Branch, War Plans Division, War Department, now under Major General William G. Haan.

The task of replacing an army of 4,800,000 men in civilian life has been one of no inconsiderable magnitude; it has been going on steadily and progressively since the beginning of 1919, and it is at last coming to a point where daylight shows ahead. The office which has done this is a government office that has been without criticism; nothing but praise of its work has been heard, therefore the methods and organization of the bureau are worth attention.

The headquarters are in the Council of National Defense Building, Washington, D. C. Under this, the nation is divided into four districts, with departmental headquarters in Boston, New York, Indianapolis, and San Francisco.

It is from these four district offices that agents go the rounds of all the local offices, of which there are 3,300. When a representative of the district office reaches any community he stays until he has found out all there is to know about the local employment situation and until he has rectified any existing troubles. He may find that only a small proportion of the veterans of that town are being placed by the agency, and that many are still out of work. It may be that the director of the agency is not capable of handling his job, or that he has a disagreeable personality; in that case the inspector sees to it that he is removed and an abler man substituted. Or it may be that the merchants of the town are dead to their responsibilities and opportunities in the employment line. In that case the inspector goes to the merchants and talks to them like a Dutch uncle, telling them the value of the ex-service man in any business, as well as pointing out the employer's duty to the men who went to the front. The record shows few cases in which the employers have failed to come up to the mark when it was clearly pointed out to them.

OR AGAIN, the fault may be with the men themselves. They may be a little too particular about the kind of work they are willing to take. Then the inspector gets them together and gets at the root of their troubles, and smooths them out.

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Not only are there 3,300 federal offices, but there were thousands of others run by the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, and other organizations. It has always been the aim of the federal officers to unite all these different enterprises, which are all working toward the same end, and get them all into one building. This has been done in Baltimore, and the success of the work there has been extraordinary.

From all the traveling representatives and from agents in many towns weekly reports are sent to Washington, showing the number of men that apply for work every week and the number that are placed. The day that any district shows a total of placements disproportionate to the total of applications, an examination into causes is begun. By keeping tab on these constant reports it is a simple matter to ascertain at a glance just what the employment situation is in any town or district in the states.

The department aims not only to connect the job and the man, but it also tries to create the jobs and then send the men to them. This is done by the public information division. Publicity department does not exactly describe it, because "publicity" implies self-praise, from which this office has been free. By the public information division frequent stories and bulletins are sent out to every newspaper in the country. This is a big work in itself. What it accomplishes is to acquaint the people with the fact that many ex-service men are still looking for work and to wake the employers up to the fact that their responsibilities did not cease with the armistice.

One of the most productive expedients adopted has been the commercial citations. These are neatly engrossed statements announcing that the firm whose name appears on that citation has agreed to take back all the men and women who left its employ to go to war. Sixty-three thousand of these have been distributed to applicants all over the country. The result is this: the citation, which has an impressive appearance, is published proudly by the firm, either in the newspaper advertisements or in the company publication; other firms see it, wonder, and finally write to the Service and Information Department asking how to get their citations. One impatient house wrote directly to the President, demanding that he set his seal of approval on their loyalty too. Further, the men out of work see the citations and so find positions. Not infrequently people have been known to refuse to do business with any concern which had not a citation to display.

Many queries and complaints come from the men directly to headquarters, and the way that these are handled is somewhat unusual. This is a government office in which the word "refer" is forbidden. No cases are ever referred to any other branch of the War Department for action. There is a hard and fast rule which prohibits any official or clerk or stenographer from leaving at the end of a day until every letter on his desk has been answered. Possibly a case is too big to be completed in a single day; then a letter is sent to the ex-service man telling

him that his complaint has been received and that a representative of the Service and Information Branch has gone or is going over to the War Risk Bureau or to the War Department or to the Navy Department to thrash out the puzzle.

Even these letters to inquirers are not couched in the usual "from, to and subject" style. They are personal notes, beginning with "My dear Mr. Smith," and ending with "Very truly yours." They are indicative of the personal touch which has done much to cut for this office the Gordian knot of official red tape.

George S. Shepard Post No. 17, Easton, Mass., held a bazaar for three nights and one afternoon for the benefit of the post and realized the sum of \$3,100. On the second night, when a minstrel show was given, the hall, seating five hundred, was filled twice.

Anyone with information regarding the publication of any histories of war organizations is requested to write to the Massachusetts Branch of the Legion, Eben Putman, Historian, State House, Boston, Mass., is in charge

The St. Joseph (Missouri) Chapter of the Service Star Legion has been adopted by the local post (Malcolm Macdonald No. 11) as its official auxiliary. The Legion post has 450 members and its auxiliary has over 200.

Lincoln Post of Nebraska has suddenly added 1,400 members to its rolls by cooperating with the city Commercial Club. This makes the total present membership 1,900, with still a few ex-service men to get.

A ROLLING STONE THAT GATHERED MOSS

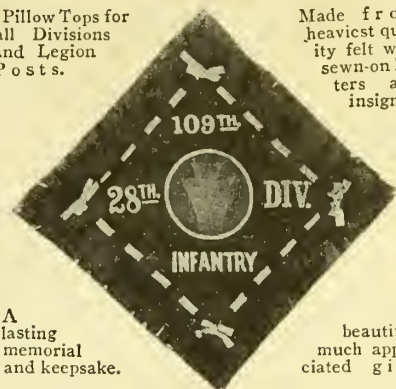
(Continued from page 20)

England. We got out a number of publications, and when Mr. Page became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* I sold my interests in the publishing business and went into advertising. I received \$700 from my first client, and thus I was launched in the work that I really enjoyed. I was a mighty happy man the day I banked that \$700."

Today one of the things of which Mr. Presbrey is most proud is the fact that he is a member of the executive committee of the national organization of Boy Scouts of America. As to his business success, the greatest satisfaction he derives from it is the knowledge that he achieved it purely through his own efforts, after a long, hard struggle.

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INTRODUCING THE O. D. SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from page 9)

Robertson, Thors and I walked over later. We all had dinner at a *cafe*, after which *Monsieur le Maire* paid us a state call and escorted us to the *mairie*. *M. le Maire* was a patriarch with a flowing beard and Chesterfieldian manners. One finds some interesting characters in these little places; men who have had public careers and who have come home to end their days. *M. le Maire* wore his robes of office and on his breast was the faded ribbon of the *Croix de Guerre* he had won in the Franco-Prussian War. He also had learned a few English words for the occasion, but I confess I understood him better when he spoke French. He probably understood me better when I spoke English.]

AT THE *mairie* we found all the children and about two platoons of grown-ups assembled downstairs. They broke into an harassing fire of "Vives" when we appeared and crowded around and clung to our hands and Sam Browne belts as we made through the crowd. Upstairs we lighted the candles on the tree and cut the cakes—my job. The tree showed off splendidly, as the room was lighted only by a dim lamp. Everything ready, we opened the doors and the kids surged in.

They had never seen a Christmas tree before. An old Frenchman confided with me later that he had driven a hack in Paris in his day and had seen many a Christmas tree. He said our tree served to vindicate his reminiscences of Paris, which otherwise would always have been regarded as pure fiction. The kids were just awestricken by that glittering tree. They didn't know what to do. After a hush of a minute or so, a few piping voices started the *Marseillaise*, which shows the result of training. In cases not covered by instructions sing the *Marseillaise*, that seems to be a Frenchman's rules. We stood at salute, and that pleased them immensely.

M. le Maire made a flowery speech, telling them what it was all about. To this Pinkerton responded nobly. He had been working for a week on that French oration. It was a bird. Then began the distribution of presents. Pink read the names and the rest of us passed out the gifts. A French child is seldom at a loss to make a courteous response. One little girl made me a regular court curtsy and said she would pray each night for God to convert and protect me. I reckon she thought I was a heathen. Really, the manners of these little peasant children far exceeded the deportment of any like number of American children I have ever seen in any grade of society.

And so went the gifts—knives, tops, and toys for the boys; dolls, sewing baskets and sachet bags for the girls. Every presentation was an event, and it required two hours to empty the tree. Long before the tree was bare I noticed a little yellow-headed girl on the edge of the crowd. She clung to the hands of an older girl I took to be her sister, and a great fear seemed to be tugging at her heart. It was not hard to surmise that

she had some dreadful premonition that there was no present on the tree for her. As every name was to be read her lips would part in suspense, hoping it would be hers. As doll after doll went to other children, tears came in to her eyes.

THE last present came. A doll. Pink read the name. It was not her name. Imagine the disappointment and disgrace! The event of an age, and to be the only little girl in the village not to receive a present. But it wasn't the absence of the present so much as it was the fact that she had been ignored that just broke her little French heart. She gave way to the wildest sobs, and her sister started to hustle her out. I had spoken to Robbie about her before, and he was watching. He seized her in his arms and consoled her in French, while the rest of us searched our pockets. The collection was one lieutenant's bar and four silver francs, to which was added candy and two pieces of cake—the last ones. She went away the happiest child in France. The special attention she got was worth more than a doll.

Well, that was a fine finish. The mayor announced that little Pierre Somebody would give the thanks of the children. Pierre came forward like a regular little man and delivered in very distinct French a truly beautiful speech. I wish I had a copy of it. He said the children of Celsoy would ever retain in their hearts the memory of this wonderful day, and when they grew to old age they would relate the story to their children. He hoped we would carry in our hearts the gratitude of the children of Celsoy. He hoped that we would carry to our distant homes in America the recollections of this day, and, each Christmas, that we should recall the joy we had brought to the humble children of a French village, and that that thought would fill our hearts with comfort.

Pierre's speech was not quite all. Five little girls dressed in white, and with great bows in their hairs, came forward and presented each of us with a bouquet of flowers, about which the tri-color and the Stars and Stripes were entwined. Mine bore my name and the words:

"Vive l'Amerique. France Reconnaissante."

America's deeds of valor in battle may live in the pages of French history, but if the French child studies his history as the American youngster does, the human element will show a regrettable tendency to dry out into a collection of names, facts, numbers and dates. Such things find abode in the mind rather than the heart.

But our little acts of Christmas kindness, which sprang often from the emotions of our own home-sickness on that day, will endure, though no one expected them to outlast the moment that created them. They will endure because they find abode in the heart and not the mind. In such casual fashion are great traditions born.

A new post has been organized at Scottsboro, Ala., with fifty veterans. They promise that the Legion will hear from them in the future.

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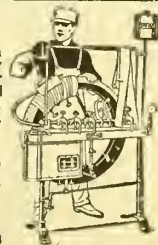
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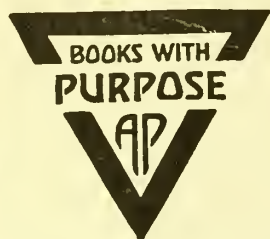
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THE AWAKENING OF GULLIVER

(Continued from page 11)

JAMES LARKIN, agitator and radical leader, testified on the witness stand recently that the Communist party, the so-called Left Wing of the Socialist party, also planned the overthrow of the government and the seizure of all industries.

"You deny the ownership of the present holders of industrial establishments?" he was asked by the court.

"I certainly do," Larkin replied. "I would force them out by a general militant strike; by calling upon every unit of labor to join. . . . We reject the passive American Federation of Labor methods."

Not all of the Bolsheviki, I. W. W. anarchists and Red agitators are foreigners. Among the discordant herd are not a few of American birth, who, from motives of personal gain or through some strange mental kink, have seen fit to side with the Reds. The number of alien terrorists in the United States is estimated at 50,000 by a certain well-informed Federal official, who says: "Openly or secretly, all are working for a Bolshevik form of government. Many do not claim allegiance to the I. W. W., but proclaim themselves Bolsheviki and Radical Socialists."

Whatever their nativity, alien or American born, and whatever the nom-de-guerre they hide behind, all are tarred with the same brush. They seek to make this nation a second Bolshevik Russia. Yet the American-born Red will not accept free transportation to his Russian Utopia, and the alien frantically resists all efforts to deport him.

Deportations of these aliens to date have been few. The Department of Labor has been the target of heavy critical bombardments for its laxity. Insufficient funds are among the pleas the bureau offers in explanation of a less complete exodus of undesirables. Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, two of the most pernicious and dangerous advocates of anarchy for the past twenty-five years, have been ordered deported. Optimistic Americans are looking forward to a generous deportation of alien Reds the first of the year.

That the Department of Labor has full authority to deport alien Reds is apparent from the following immigration law of October 16, 1918:

"That aliens who are anarchists; aliens who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force of violence of the Government of the United States or of all forms of law; aliens who disbelieve in or are opposed to all organized; aliens who advocate or teach the assassination of public officials; aliens who advocate or teach the unlawful destruction of property; aliens who are members of or affiliated with any organization that entertains a belief in, teaches, or advocates the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States or of all forms of law, or that entertains or teaches disbelief in or opposition to all organized government, or that advocates the duty, necessity, or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally, of the Government of the United States or of any other organized government, because

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of his or their official character, or that advocates or teaches the unlawful destruction of property shall be excluded from admission into the United States."

Section 2 of the same law provides for the deportation of all aliens already in the country who, through affiliation or otherwise, bring themselves within the purview of the above classification.

THE joys of care-free life in Bolshevik Russia are ably expounded in the unwilling testimony of the man who claims to be its representative. Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, who calls himself Soviet Russia's Ambassador, testified before the Lusk Legislative Committee in New York that 1,500 Soviet leaders have been put to death. It is presumed that they were executed because they did not bow sufficiently low to the will of the master Bolshevik, Lenin. Had Martens attempted an estimate of the number of Socialists who do not approve of Bolshevism, of rank-and-file Bolsheviks, of bourgeois and others who were slaughtered he would have been suspected of plagiarizing the summary of Germany's war casualty list.

When one recalls a certain Lenin manifesto to the workingmen of America he may draw his own conclusion as to the true mission of Lenin's unrecognized ambassador to the United States. Lenin called for "a civil war . . . accompanied by terror . . . the worst kind of destruction and without limitations on the form of democracy." Martens, on the witness stand, identified Lenin's manifesto. Lenin has accomplished in Russia what he advocates for the United States.

The consensus of opinion of persons well informed on conditions in Russia is that Russia rapidly is using up the surplus that was accumulated before the revolution, that today she is practically non-productive and that a year or so will see her complete prostration. They predict starvation for millions in her cities.

Some 500 papers and magazines in foreign languages and two score or more in English are disseminating revolutionary propaganda in this country, through the mails. The postal authorities have accumulated a choice assortment of Red literature. What true American can read such lurid excerpts as the following without realizing that drastic Federal action to suppress revolutionary propagandists is needed:

"State—It is the rule of a few over the majority. The system of a state is such that through graft, through the stupefying hypnotism of religion, and lastly through conscription, the entire population is dragged in to fight against itself."

"The real cause (of the war) was the same, damned trinity right (law), ownership and state (rule power), in the name of which people go on killing each other, turning the world, which has cost them untold toil and sweat, into a mass of ruins."

"The people have begun at last to understand that the obstacle to freedom and happiness, to their joy of life, are these three institutions."

"Down with rights! Down with ownership! Down with the state! Let this be the death of this three-headed

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"Will you wallow under the iron heel of your masters? Or will you tear your way by the revolution? Which will you choose?" (*II. Dirotto, Italian Bolshevik-Anarchistic.*)

"Comrades, workingmen, look out, shake off your traditional lethargy, shake hands. Everybody do his duty. Workingmen, do not forget that the hour of elevation of the proletariat has come. We must act now.

"Onward against the economical, political and religious tyranny. Workingmen, arise, have no pity with those who have none with you. Long live Socialistic Russia!"—(*La Frusta, Italian Radical Socialist.*)

THE Bolshevik and Red agitators are opposed to all of the institutions of civilization.

One wonders as to the sources from which the Reds collect the sums necessary to wage their campaign in its present magnitude. "Parlor Bolsheviks," of the type recently discovered in New York as the subsidizers of twenty-five Red publications published there, provide a large amount. A list of some one hundred of these New York "parlor Bolsheviks" is in the possession of the Department of Justice. Deluded workers, hypnotized into seeing reason in the radical doctrine, make their contributions. But the main sources still are to be ferreted out.

Many persons believe that the main source is the millions of the Russian treasury and the private Russian fortunes seized by Lenin and Trotzky. On the authority of the Bolsheviks themselves, it is stated that the present heads of Soviet Russia have organized a vast propaganda to foment revolutions in this and other countries.

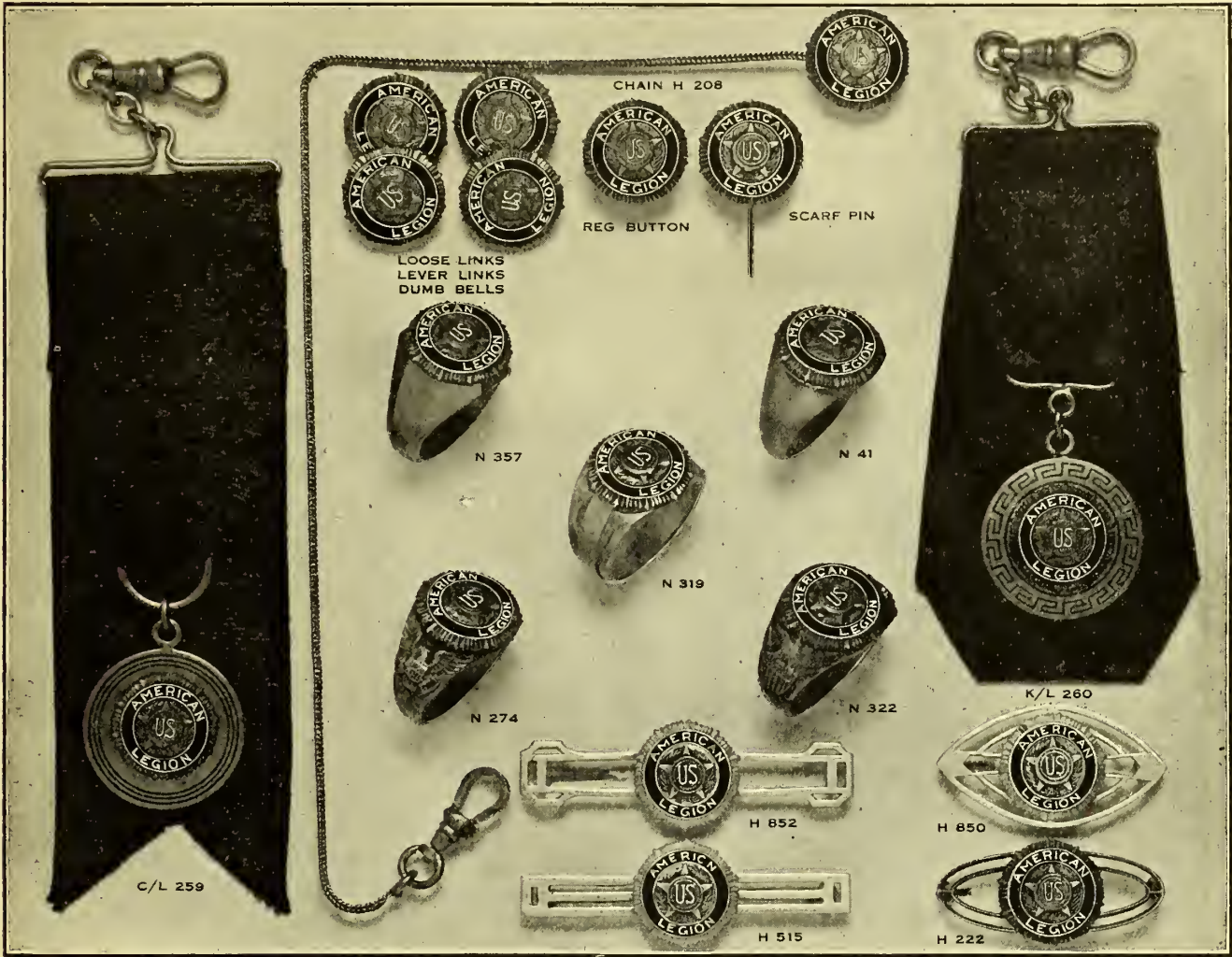
Ludwig Marten testified that every now and then an unknown messenger of the Soviet Russian Republic places an envelope containing \$20,000 upon his desk. The identity of the welcome messenger is unknown to the ambassador, who knows not whence he comes or whither he goes.

Gulliver has at last awakened—awakened to the vile prickings of the Red horde. But he will not be entirely safe until he has stamped out the vermin. The undesirable alien must be deported. The American renegade, who cannot be deported, must be placed where he can no longer plot against law and order. The illiterate citizen must be taught, through careful and thorough education, the true meaning of Americanism.

Local news includes the fact that Java, the well-known island is to have a fair next May. Everyone should know about this.

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